THE CABINET,

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OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

NO. VI. OF THE NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1809.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

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433	26	*for* J. J. *read* A.
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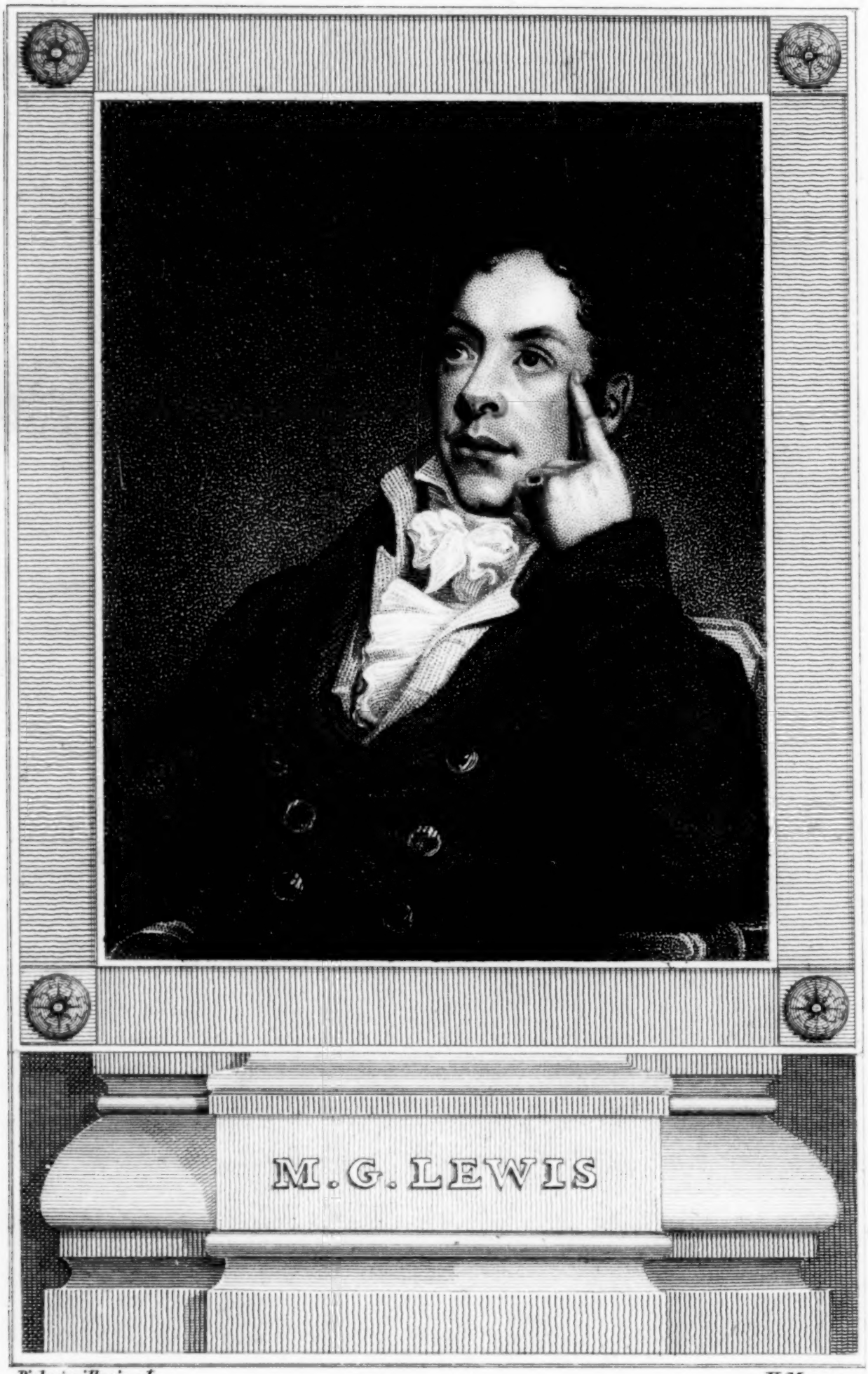
465	11	*for* P *read* 8.

Erratum in the present Number.

Pp. 528—529, the quotations in these pages should be exactly reversed.



Pickersgill pin.x.t *H.Meyer sc.*

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THE

CABINET,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, ESQ.

THIS exquisite novelist and extraordinay dramatist was born in the year 1773. During one session he represented in parliament the borough of Hindon; but he has since retired into private life, and resides at Barnes in Surry. The following is, we believe, an accurate list of his various publications.

THEATRICAL WORKS.

1. The Castle Spectre, a play, acted at Drury Lane theatre, 1797. 8vo

2. The Minister, a tragedy, translated from Schiller, 1797, 8vo.

3. Rolla, the Peruvian Hero, a tragedy translated from Kotzebue, 1799, 8vo.

4. The Twins, or Is it He or his Brother? a farce acted at Drury Lane Theatre for a benefit, 1799. Not printed.

5. The East Indian, a comedy, acted at Drury Lane Theatre, 1799. 8vo. 1800.

6. Adelmorn the Outlaw, an opera, acted at Drury Lane Theatre, 1801. 8vo. Afterwards reduced to an after-piece.

7. Alfonzo, King of Castile, a tragedy, acted at Covent Garden Theatre, 1801. 8vo.

8. The Captive, a mono-drama in rhyme, acted at Covent Garden Theatre, 1802.

9. Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice, a melo-drama, acted at Covent Garden Theatre, 1806. 8vo.

10. Adelgitha, or the Fruits of a Single Error, a tragedy, acted at Drury Lane Theatre, 1806. 8vo.

11. The Wood Dæmon, a melo-drama, acted at Drury Lane Theatre, 1807.

12. Venoni, or the Novice of St. Mark's, a drama, acted at Drury Lane Theatre, 1809.

OTHER WORKS.

1. Ambrosio, or the Monk, a romance in 3 vols. 1796. 12mo.

2. Love of gain, a poem:

3. Tales of Wonder, 8vo.

4. Bravo of Venice, a romance in 1 vol.

5. Feudal Tyrants, a romance in 4 vols. 12mo. 1806.

6. Romantic Tales, 4 vols. 1808.

7. Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore, recited at Drury lane Theatre, 1809, 4to.

We have in our New Series, had so many occasions to criticise the genius of Mr. Lewis, that we are left with little to say. Of the work, by which he is best known, and from the production of which he has obtained the appellation of Monk Lewis, we have not however yet spoken; and of this work indeed, critics are very cautious of speaking. The truth is, that the Monk is a work of such exquisite genius, though alloyed with a few indecent descriptions, and a sneer or two at the Bible, that men are afraid of commending the pure metal, lest they should be thought to sanction the alloy. But in the

hands of a judicious assayer, each receives its due estimation; and the great over-balance of sterling ore, which the mass contains, is fairly weighed. It is upon the narrow principle of mistaking the exceptions to the novel's excellence for the novel itself, that the author of the Pursuits of Literature has proceeded; and it will be seen that the vehement criticism of this writer is solely directed to those parts of the romance, which Mr. Lewis's better reflection has induced him to cut out. Nay, so firmly is he determined in this castration, that although he has been offered a thousand pounds to give to the world another edition of the Monk as it originally stood, he has honourably spurned the offer, and threatens to prosecute any one who shall surreptitiously print it. Besides, the great moral of the Monk is pure enough; and who, for the sake of a few blemishes in the novel, *paucæ maculæ*, could consent to sacrifice his acquaintance with the nobly-drawn and instructive character of Ambrosio, or to know no interest in the loves of him and even his superior in strength of character, Matilda? None. The Monk will be read while works of fancy can charm; and when Count Fathom and the Mysteries of Udolpho are the theme, the name of Lewis will not be far off.

Mr. Lewis is not equally happy in his dramatic works. He has yet to learn the maxim of Rowe, that terror is a proper subject for tragedy, but never horror. This sentiment may be applied, though not so strongly, to Mr. Lewis as a writer of tales. Of humour Mr. Lewis does not seem to possess one jot more than his great rival in horror, Mrs. Radcliffe; and the present writer remembers to have had occasion, when criticizing the Wood Dæmon in a periodical publication, to say that the serious part of it was horrid in one sense, and the comic horrid in another. The Castle Spectre and Venoni have, however, considerable merit in point of interest, but they are vicious productions as dramas.

Upon the whole, our impression of Mr. Lewis's genius is very high, and our information as to his private character very favourable.

TOBIN *v.* ELLISTON AND CO.*

Mr. Editor,

It is of no use; Shakspeare may prescribe rules for our actors, and you and your brother critics may repeat them: still "our clowns will say more than is set down for them;" aye, and not only our clowns, but our dukes too. In the representation of the Honey Moon, last night, at the Lyceum, I know not whom to except from the reproach attached by Shakspeare to the violation of the aforesaid precept, but Mr. Holland, Miss Duncan, and Miss Boyce. The rest of the performers really murdered Mr. Tobin's fine poetry most abominably. Not to teaze you, Mr. Editor, with too long a catalogue of transgressions, I will just select from Mr. Elliston's Duke Aranza a sufficient specimen of interpolations, alterations, and omissions. In the second act, when he has reproached with the charge of cowardice the man that beats a woman, not content with this, he adds the following curse:—

"May in his prime of youth the triple curse
Of age, disease, and poverty cling to him!"

I do not recollect from what author these lines are borrowed; but it is evident that, however beautiful, they are not extremely well applied here: add to which, they are not Tobin's, and therefore should not have been obtruded among Tobin's.

Next, for alteration's:—

"There is a true contrition in your looks,"

altered by Mr. E. to

"There is a *real* contrition," &c.

Where did Mr. E. meet with *real* used as a monosyllable?

Again, in the first scene of the play:—

"Ay, there you touch me. Yet, though she be *more proud*
"Than the vext ocean at its topmost swell,
"And ev'ry breeze would chafe her *still the more*,
"I love her still the better."

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* This article ought to have been placed under the head "The Drama."

For omissions,—there is a passage in the soliloquy, which concludes the third act, which Mr. Elliston read thus:—

> " No meddling gossip,
> (" Who, having claw'd or cuddled into bondage
> " The thing misnam'd a husband, privately
> " Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)
> " Tells her * * * *
> " When lordly man," &c.

This is a specimen of many innovations which might be pointed out, not to mention Elliston's ridiculous buffoonery in knocking down De Camp, and other pantomimic tricks, by which he disgraces equally Tobin's beautiful play, and his own excellent performance of the Duke Aranza.

Now, Mr. Editor, if there be any of our players who read Shakspeare (and surely it is not unreasonable to expect that they should read Shakspeare, though they will not read their Grammar*), they ought to be sensible of the injury which Shakspeare has suffered from the impertinent omissions and interpolations of the actors of the present day. Why will they not take a lesson from the folly of their predecessors, and spare, at least, the exquisite poetry of Tobin, the Shakspeare of our age? Is it that they are so accustomed to the vile puns and viler grammar of Dibdin and Cherry, that they have gradually lost all relish for the beauties of language and sense? If we are obliged to accept of the wretched farces they give us, under the name of comedies, at least let them not corrupt what is really excellent; if we must take the bad, let not the good be spoiled. But where will the insolence of our players end? They will not give us Shakspeare unadulterated; and now they have laid their murderous pruning-hook on Tobin; so that we have no resource left but to sit down contented with what they choose to

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* Mr. Elliston has been charged by the Monthly Mirror with repeating, after Mr. Cherry, " It is *him;*" and Miss Mellon, last evening, after shrewdly conjecturing that the pretended confessor was " the Count," jocosely added, " It's *him*, I'm sure!"

place before us, whether it be Dibdin, Reynolds, or Cherry; we must laugh at their puns and their ribaldry, their perversions of sense and violations of grammar, and must not hope to be treated with Tobin or Shakspeare, till, by the carelessness or "pitiful ambition" of our actors, they are reduced as nearly as possible to the level of our modern dramatists.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's, &c.

PHILO-GRAMMATICUS.

P. S. As I have mentioned Miss Duncan in the former part of my letter with respect, permit me to say a few words in defence of that lady's performance of Lady Caroline Braymore, which you so severely reprimanded in your last number. You say, "Miss Duncan completely mistakes the character of Lady Caroline, who, though a female fashionist and a coquette, is not a silly school-girl." Certainly; nor in Miss Duncan's representation is it exactly a "silly *school-girl.*" But silliness is not so incompatible with the character of a "female fashionist," as you seem to insinuate; nor do I think Miss Duncan gives the part one degree too much silliness. Considering only Lady Caroline's eventful marriage with *Tom Shuffleton*, surely that circumstance alone would sufficiently indicate her folly; for what woman of sense could form a serious attachment for such a character, who is throughout the play the object of our contempt and laughter? Certainly we are not to look for a superabundance of sense in the *Shuffletonian* school; but it is evident, I think, that the character of Lady Caroline was intended by the author as the counterpart of *Tom Shuffleton*, its counterpart in *fashion* and *folly;* and if this be granted, I think there will be no ground for reprehension in Miss Duncan's performance of it.

I will not oppose to your opinion the opinions of other critics, because I know not what critics to prefer to you; but Johnson and Aristotle were not free from error, and I must look upon your criticism, in the present instance, as one of those errors in judgment, from which no human work will ever be free.

18th MAY, 1802.

ON THE POETRY OF CHAUCER,

And more especially of the Canterbury Tales.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

" Chaucer's device of his Canterbury Pilgrimage is merely his own. His drift is to teach all sorts of men, and to discover all vices of that age, and that he doth so feelingly, and with so true an aim, as he never fails to hit whatsoever mark he levels at."

BEAUMONT.

AFTER having given specimens of two different versions of Chaucer, and having ventured at the same time my opinion on their respective merits, I purpose in the following letter to give a short specimen of a new version, if indeed it may deserve that title, and at the same time to offer a few of the reasons which have led me to adopt such a method of modernizing the lines of our old bard.

Our language at the time in which Chaucer wrote, was not only spelt but pronounced very differently from what it is at present. In many cases the final *e*, then so frequently added to words, was pronounced as a syllable; and some words which then consisted of one syllable only, are now lengthened into two, and vice versâ. This difference has taken place in those words which we still use, and the number of obsolete expressions is of course very numerous. In addition to these unavoidable difficulties, I do not see the necessity of spelling as was the fashion then: this seems to me only making, in appearance at least, an unnecessary one. Why should not the orthography of the Canterbury Tales be varied as the fashion of the time varies. No one thinks of disfiguring Shakspeare by adhering strictly to his orthography; why then keep so rigidly to Chaucer's? Those who admire any thing only in exact proportion as it bears the stamp of antiquity, I am well aware, will by no means relish a doctrine which they think would, by taking away the ancient garb in which Chaucer is drest, deprive him of what in their estimation is of the greatest value.

I cannot, however, exactly agree with these gentlemen, who seem to me to have a kind of selfish pleasure in preserving what is ancient and valuable in dust and obscurity, and by this means keeping it "hid from vulgar eyes." I am not quite sure either that such lovers of antiquity for antiquity's sake, would not rather perpetuate an error, than be guilty of the crime of altering what was palpably wrong. In the following attempt to familiarize Chaucer, I have without scruple altered his orthography to that of the present day, thus at once removing one of the greatest impediments to reading him with facility; some words which were too short I have exchanged for others which would render the measure complete; but when I was unable to exchange the word in the original for one equally expressive, I preferred to leave the metre defective, rather than injure the sense. Many lines stand exactly as Chaucer wrote them, some have been altered in arrangement, some in phraseology, but not one added to, or taken from, the original number. I have chosen the descriptions of the Kings Lycurgus and Emetrius, beginning at the 2130th line of the Knight's Tale.

There may'st thou see, coming with Palamon,
Lycurgus himself, the great king of Thrace,
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The circles of his eyes within his head
Glitter'd betwixt a yellow and a red,
And like a lion looked he about,
With combed hairs upon his brows so stout;
His limbs were great, his sinews hard and strong,
His shoulders broad, his arms were round and long.
And as the fashion was in his country,
Full high upon a chair of gold stood he.
Four milk-white bulls were yok'd within the trace;
Instead of armour coat, on his harness,
With yellow nails, and bright as any gold,
A bear-skin wore he, black as it was old.
His waving hair was comb'd behind his back,
As any raven's breast it shone for black;
A wreath of gold, both broad and of huge weight,
Upon his head was set with jewels bright.
An hundred nobles had he in his rout,
Armed full well, with hearts both stern and stout.

With Arcite too, (in story as men find)
The great Emetrius, the king of Ind,
Upon a charger bay, entrapp'd in steel,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, all flow'red well,
Came riding like the God of arms, great Mars;
His armour-coat was of the cloth of Tars,
Couched with pearls, both white and round and great;
His saddle was of burned gold, new beat,
A mantlet upon his shoulders hanging,
Beset with rubies red as fire, sparkling;
His crisped hair in ringlets down did run,
And it was yellow, glitt'ring in the sun.
Bold as a lion he his eyes did cast;
Of five and twenty years his age I guest;
His beard was just beginning well to spring;
His throat was as a trumpet thundering;
Upon his head he wore, of laurel green,
A garland fresh and lusty to be seen;
Upon his hand he bore for his delight
An eagle tame, as any lily white.

Having thus brought my remarks upon Chaucer to a close, I have to entreat the indulgence of my readers for the length to which they have extended, but when any one feels interested in the subject on which he writes, it is by no means an uncommon error for him to imagine that he shall be able to inspire his readers with an equal degree of interest. How far this has been the case with the present subject, I must leave it to the candour of my readers to determine. I shall now take my leave of them and of Chaucer with the character which is given of his Canterbury Tales by Mr. Godwin! "Chaucer's best works, his Canterbury Tales, have an absolute merit which stands in need of no extrinsic accident to show it to advantage, and no apology to atone for its concomitant defects. When we recollect that these tales were written in a remote and semi-barbarous age; that Chaucer had to a certain degree to create a language, or to restore to credit a language which had been sunk into vulgarity and contempt, by being considered as a language of slaves; that history and the knowledge of past ages existed only in unconnected fragments; and that his writings, stupendous as we find them, are associated, as to

the period of their production, with the first half-assured lispings of civilization and the muse; the astonishment and awe with which we must regard the great father of English poetry must be exceedingly increased, and the lover of human nature and of intellectual power will deem no time misspent, that leads to his familiar acquaintance with the history of such a man, or with writings so produced."

E. D.

April 1, 1809.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Mr. Editor,

The variety of men's tastes is nowhere more remarkable than in the choice of their wives. With many, beauty is the first consideration; to others, fortune is more attractive; by some, excellence in the culinary art is esteemed the most engaging accomplishment; while others deem submission the fittest disposition in a partner for life. Indeed, from a man's character and habits, we may make a pretty good guess what sort of wife he will choose. The avaricious man will gratify his passion with his wife's fortune; the vain man, with his wife's beauty; and the epicure with his wife's ragouts.

Gloriosus is sensible and accomplished, but egregiously fond of admiration. To gratify this passion, he paid his addresses to Sempronia, whose beauty and fortune attracted a crowd of suitors, and made her the belle of the town in which she lived. The lady was not insensible of his attentions, and he succeeded in gaining the prize, for which so many had sighed in vain. His vanity was highly gratified with the preference he had obtained, and nothing could exceed his satisfaction during his courtship and the first weeks of his marriage. The men called him a lucky fellow, the women praised Sempronia's discernment, and the handsome couple was the theme of general conversation. But, in a short time after the visits, which are usual on such occasions, had been duly paid and as duly returned, admiration, al-

ways fickle, lavished its regards on new objects, and Gloriosus and his wife were forgotten. He now found, that she, whom he had chosen for the companion of his life, was deficient in every qualification that could render such a companion useful or agreeable. She had been told from her earliest youth, that her charms of person were such as always to ensure her admirers, without being at the pains of cultivating the graces of her mind. Her mother thought she could not too early introduce into the world such a beautiful creature; and, from the age of fifteen to the day when she married Gloriosus, her time was almost wholly taken up in visiting and receiving visits, and her mind was entirely employed in deriving some new mode of decorating her person. Such a one was little calculated to sustain with dignity, "the mild majesty of private life." Her ideas were few and trivial; and her conversation was consequently trifling and insipid. Her former habits made her ill qualified for a nurse; and her love of pleasure made home a restraint to her, and the duties of a mother insupportable. The disappointed Gloriosus, disgusted with his home, sought for relief in the circles of pleasure and dissipation. His wife was too much engrossed with her person and her parties to concern herself about him; so that finding themselves mutually disagreeable, they agreed to a final separation.

Apicius married for the sake of having a good housekeeper and cook. He is a Mahometan in his opinion of women, and deems submission to her husband the cardinal virtue in a wife. He has no idea of making a friend and adviser of one, whom he looks upon merely as his head-servant. He has the same objection to any sort of learning in women, which many people have to the education of the poor: he thinks it must render them averse from the performance of those menial duties of life, for which, he imagines, they were exclusively created. It was his good fortune to meet with a woman exactly suited to his disposition. She understood "the whole art of cookery," the four rules of arithmetic, and could read the New Testament without much difficulty. She had never been taught to think for herself; the duty of obedience, which had been early inculcated upon her by a severe father, had grown easy by habit; and she was glad

to save herself the trouble of relying upon her own resources. She is, therefore, the mere echo of her husband's sentiments; she believes him to be "the greatest wight on ground," and would as soon think of contradicting the scriptures, as any thing that he says. This acquiescence gratifies the vanity of her husband; he thinks her an admirable wife, but to every one else, she appears a very insignificant woman.

Imperitus was early a worshipper of the showy attractions of Clelia. She was always a forward girl, and took the command of all the little parties of her own age. This forwardness her parents mistook for mental superiority, and thought they could not bestow too much pains in the cultivation of her extraordinary talents. They accordingly provided her numerous masters, and Clelia attained a smattering in many things. She could draw tolerably, play tolerably, speak French tolerably, and write tolerably pretty verses. Her parents thought her a prodigy of genius; and her brothers and sisters were early taught to pay a proper deference to her superior endowments. Her will was law, and her opinions infallible. Imperitus contemplated her with amazement, and thought he should be completely happy if he could obtain such an accomplished character for his wife. But several long years did he languish in vain for that blessing; and when at last she consented to become his wife, she yielded with that air of condescension, which a high-bred dame assumes when she suffers herself to be handed across the way by a person of inferior condition. From that time, Imperitus became a cypher in his own house; for the poor man was not only obliged to submit to all his wife's proceedings, but she expected him to acquiesce in all her opinions. Nothing under absolute authority could satisfy her high opinion of her own abilities. Imperitus is almost afraid to speak in her company; for instead of assisting and palliating his natural deficiences, she is the first to ridicule and expose them. Her passions, having never been checked, have become exceedingly violent. She converses on politics and divinity with all the fury of a partizan and a polemic; she seems impatient of the trammels of her sex; and her conversation frequently goes beyond the bounds of decency and

good-manners. One cannot help pitying the lot of Imperitus, who has a large share of good-nature, and who (whatever may be his deficiences) cannot certainly be reproached with a want of constancy and tenderness towards his wife.

Benignus's notions of the married state were of the noblest kind. In his estimation, it was the institution the best calculated for the permanent happiness of a rational being. Fully sensible how much the colour of his future life must depend upon the person whom he should call his wife, he determined to make his choice with circumspection. Surely, said he, if we are solicitous respecting the character and temper of a person who is to make a short excursion with us, it behoves us to be extremely careful respecting one, who is to be our companion in the journey of life. He was first introduced to Charlotte at a ball. The dancing had just begun, and she was entering into it with all that gaiety which youth and health inspire (for it was a diversion of which she was very fond), when she was informed that her father was suddenly taken ill and would be glad to see her, if she could consent to give up the evening's pleasure. She waited not for consideration ; but regardless of place or person, she flew out of the room, and totally forgot, in the desire to relieve her parent, that she should thereby lose a diversion, to which she had looked forward with the greatest delight. Benignus, who had been charmed with her person and conversation, was delighted with this proof of the goodness of her heart, and determined to offer her his hand, if he should find her as amiable at home as she was captivating abroad. He was introduced the next day into her father's house by a friend of his, who was a relation of the old gentleman's. They were shewn into the invalid's room. Charlotte, with her arms round her father's waist, was gently helping him to rise in the bed ; and her expressive countenance showed how tenderly she sympathized in the pain he felt. As soon as she was gone out of the room, her father, whose heart was warm with gratitude, could not help breaking out into an exclamation of his happiness in possessing such a daughter, whose dutiful and affectionate attention, he said, disarmed sickness of its sting. Benignus went

home, in love with Charlotte, and from that time he became a constant visitor at her father's house. He found her mind as accomplished as her heart was benevolent. He doubted not but that so amiable a daughter would make as amiable a wife. He married her, and has not been disappointed. Blessed in each other's affections, they enjoy as much happiness as this life is capable of affording: their's is

——" the mild majesty of private life,
" Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
" The gate, where Honour's liberal hands effuse
" Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
" Of innocence and love protect the scene."

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

DOMESTICUS.

ADULTERY.

When persons, possessing the adventitious aids of rank, voluntarily descend from their elevated pinnacle, the excess of their punishment should be proportioned by the superior enormity of their guilt, inasmuch as splendid vices afford a glittering apology to the lesser orders of society, and assure them in the paths of fashionable dissipation. And yet we are taught by daily experience, that among persons of the second class in the community, a bold and obtrusive contempt of the moral duties of life, is mistaken for a superiority of character, under which assumed consequence all virtuous opposition is arrogantly borne down. A familiar habit of profligacy appears to those men skilled in the refinements of modern manners, to flow from a daring spirit. They see that the decencies of virtue are ridiculed with applause by high-born persons of both sexes, and that a dashing faux-pas is commemorated as the criterion of hereditary understanding, or of personal superiority of mind. And what are the prominent tenets of modern philosophy? Gaming and Adultery; the one leading,

to a sudden dissipation of health, to the ruin and misery of those endeared to us by the best affections of the heart, to the extinction of every honourable principle, nay to the extinction of life, by urging the desperate bankrupt to a hasty suicide; the other—let us pause to contemplate it. A preservation of appearances was, once considered an infallible protection in the fashionable world against slander. Innocence has been called a folly, as its consciousness makes the possessor indifferent to the opinion of others; and a little slip has been prescribed, by a fashionable moralist, as a certain antidote against a negligence of appearances. But even this polished rule of conduct seems to lose its virtue, as the experiments of the age have awakened our fashionables to new ideas. The noble father of a numerous family of unoffending innocents, the titled husband of a virtuous and exemplary wife, or the coronated mother of blooming daughters just entering on the world and amiably susceptible of good example, alike contain the shadowy advantage of appearances, and stalk unblushingly abroad in the gorgeous apparel of dignified adultery; such a lady may live respectable with her protector; his friends may offer her every private consolation under her momentary malheur; a divorce will unskackle her from former bonds; and the same day is permitted to record the high born harlot, the lawful wife of two living husbands.

In less polished countries, we are instructed to believe, an intrigue with a married woman, of whatever rank, is fatal to the reputation of the detected gallant. If of family, he is carefully barred out from all society; if a mechanic, he is unemployed in his trade, and deprived of all future means of existence. He is pointed at, as a common prostitute, and his crime is contemplated with as much abhorrence, as the amours of the celebrated Mrs. C——, when canvassed among fashionables, with the no less celebrated egarements of my Lady B—, or, her more notorious friend my Lady Charlotte M—.And how are we to trace the sources of this fashionable depravity? Thus will I answer. Marriages are contracted, for the most part, either with a view to policy in the

parents, or to a romantic affection in the child. It is true, that the gifts of fortune are essential to the enjoyment of every other blessing; for the mind must be released from domestic embarrassments before it can realise that calm which is necessary to the perfection of a more expanded felicity. Still the policy which so urges a parent to the disposal of his daughter too frequently consigns the victim to a mere machine, goaded to the offer of a splendid settlement by the brutal dictates of the grossest passion; but enjoyment expires in the arms of fruition; the complacence which, at first, makes the sensualist tolerable, soon changes to a captious indifference, and progressively to disgust. In his mind, jealousy succeeds to love; and, although her charms have lost their magic over his soul, he hates her because she excites the admiration of others, till his tormenting jealousies arouse the goaded wife to a fatal recrimination. With romantic love, the scene is more pleasurable in its commencement, but too often leads to the same miserable finale; for however an ardent affection may, in its spring-tide of bliss, partake every fulness of felicity, yet the enjoyment must prove as short-lived as it has been impetuous. The transports of a romantic passion are a kind of magic-lanthorn that represents the objects beloved under a delusive imagery. The man thinks his wife an angel because she is handsome, and the woman believes her husband more than mortal because she finds herself the exclusive object of his adoration; but complexions will decay, and the eye of reason will supersede the optics of imagination. He, no longer stimulated by a divinity, looks with dissatisfaction at the choice he has made; he finds himself united to a human being, gifted with passions, frailties, and caprices. She, no longer the object of her husband's adoration, looks down with proud disdain upon his altered manner. The smallest failing of each is magnified by the other, till disgust succeeds to indifference, and my lady yields, eventually, to seek a delusive happiness in the arms of some fashionable scoundrel, whose profession it is to watch the waverings of every young married woman to her undoing. A superiority of beauty, rank, or virtue, in the devoted lady, serve as new incentives to his desires; and his reputation

increases among fashionables, in proportion to the difficulties he surmounts in achieving an act of gallantry. Even in marriages founded on mutual esteem, their happiness promises but short duration. A sensible man cannot fail to be disgusted with the fashionable levities of a well-bred wife: yet custom has so peremptorily directed, that females of distinction should appear, in public, with exposed bosoms and limbs transparently attired, that they should gratify the admiration they excite by the most familiar freedom with any coxcomb who pofesses his admiration of their wit and person, that a reflecting husband's confidence must shake, and his passion must cool, for an object so little deserving the refinements of an honorable passion.

But if it were the fashion to educate our females with virtuous energies instead of energies of notoriety, how might the medal be reversed. We should behold two human beings united by sentiment, taste, and inclination, blending their interests with their lives; their days would pass in a delightful intercourse of mutual obligation, and the happiness of the one would give perfection to the happiness of the other. By sentiments like these, the most trivial occupations would become ennobled; to ornament a beautiful little cottage, or to furnish a splendid town mansion, cease to be the simple act of assembling taste and elegance, when sentiment mingles with the labour. In these arrangements, the heart speaks to the heart, and is gratefully understood. If such a man enjoy wealth, fame, or titles, if he obtain popularity in the senate, or glory in the field, if he be distinguished by his prince for his private virtues, all such public testimonials of his worth convey the richer feeling, that they will exalt him in the esteem of her whom he loves. Reverse his fortune, and the magnanimity of his wife's condolence, the contentment with which she shares his disappointment, the smiling embrace with which she welcomes his return, make poverty a paradise. Have they children, he discovers, with ineffable delight, each promised beauty of the beloved mother in his cherub daughter, while she reads in the playful actions of her boy, the dawning understanding and unfolding probity of his revered father. And the secret, by

which such happiness may be attained, is simply this, the husband must have fortitude to bear the decay of beauty in his wife, and observe a reasonable complaisance to all her little failings: without this forbearance a constant intercourse cannot be supported by any two persons, be they ever so gifted with wisdom or with equanimity: the wife must, likewise, cease to expect the continued orders of a lover in her husband; an equal complaisance to his foibles will be indispensable; she must shew a ready and graceful obedience to his wishes, and conceal the decay in her person, by displaying new beauties in her mind: and, above all, the woman anxious to preserve the affections of her husband, will abstain, without prudery, from the extravagant desire of exciting general admiration; while the man who really loves his wife, will, with equal good sense, avoid all opportunities of appearing in the character of a man of gallantry. When fashion permits this revolution to dignify the circles of haut ton, Adultery will cease to have its partisans, and English females will be as proverbially virtuous as they are beautiful.

STORY OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

[*Continued from page* 404.]

I AM not sure that Longford was a poet; but I strongly suspect that he was. He often communicated to me small poetical pieces, which, though he would not own them, I have little doubt were written by himself. They were more remarkable for a certain natural wildness of sentiment and fancy than for correctness. The introduction of those moral touches, which, springing from the fulness of a simple and unsophisticated heart, raise instantaneous sympathy, gave most of them very attractive charms.

Though Longford was at this time more than commonly affected by tenderness and anxiety, I do not think he was equally unhappy as I had seen him. His melancholy was

softer and more composed. The books he borrowed of me were of a different sort, and he was more contented with his cottage and his humble station. "I have seen the four parts of the world," said he, "and been in the most lively and bustling scenes; but I am most content with my present humble station."—"Are you, indeed," I answered, "satisfied with this obscure seclusion?"—"It is a whim," he replied, "of a mind tired of show and restless action, and that prefers solitary quiet to anxious ambition and greatness."

I am a single man; and live in a moderate sized retreat with all the convenience of a competent fortune. My lodge stands on a most romantic knoll of the forest, encircled by a mixture of deep foliage and opening glades. A little lawn spreads before my window; and through one of the vistas dimly peeps a branch of the blue sea. As the rapid decline of the year brought longer evenings and more uncertain days, I had the happiness of Longford's company more frequently by my fire-side, and found him more continual occupation in my library. I had a tolerable collection of black-letter books; and more particularly a copy of Lord Berners's Froissart. This was his favourite volume, over which he hung day after day, completely absorbed, and forgetful of all around him. His next favourite was Philip de Comines. All the minutiæ of the court of the Plantagenets from the time of Edward the Third, to their extinction in Richard the Third, he seemed to study with enthusiastic attention.

At other times he would sit for hours at the windows contemplating with apparent earnestness the golden views around him, or watching the wild deer at a distance, who grazed calmly within his sight, or darted in picturesque forms through the trees. But the coming on of twilight appeared to be his favourite hour: as evening drew its shades over the forest scenery, the landscape inspired him with a rapturous kind of melancholy, such as I have never seen exhibited by any other human being. At the close of one of these fits of abstraction, I heard a deep sigh, and saw a tear streaming down his cheek. "Had I never," said he, "been deluded by the false fire of ambition; had I never admitted those grovelling desires of

worldly distinction, I might have been happy; my mind might have been pure enough to foster these raptures without reproach or alloy. Alas! it is far otherwise now. I have been hurried into pursuits ———" Here he paused, as if he recollected himself, and after two or three efforts dropped the conversation. My curiosity was inflamed; but delicacy restrained me from urging him further.

I will confess, that as his story was obscure, these accidental hints did not leave me at entire ease. But there was something altogether so ingenuous in his manner, and so pure in his sentiments, that I could not finally withhold my confidence from him. Yet there were moments when it was impossible to prevent the intrusion of an idea, that I might perhaps be cherishing a man stained with some great crime, who had fled from justice, and whose conscience sometimes goaded him into these involuntary exclamations. Then I said to myself, "he is afraid of nobody; and his opinions are too upright and bold, and his countenance too full of sensibility and virtue for such base suspicion;" and I loved him the more for the injury I had done him.

But whatever uneasiness occasionally arose from the remarks I made at my own house, I found cause for much more at many little occurrences at the house of my friend M———. My friend was fatally blind to the thousand nameless looks and tones of voice between Longford and his daughter. It is true they never appeared to engage in regular conversation; nor were their addresses to each other as direct or as frequent even as to the rest of the company. This very circumstance, which set the caution of my friend asleep, rendered the matter in my judgment more serious.

Ellen M—— was then eighteen, with a beautiful person, and most intelligent and thoughtful countenance. She had always been remarkable for a grave turn, and great softness of disposition. Her love for reading had been quietly cultivated, and was much more ardent than any of her family were aware of. She was silent almost to a fault; and her diffidence entirely concealed the delightful powers of her mind. I had often suspected that, beneath those pensive looks and that unbroken reserve,

there where treasures of no ordinary kind. I drew these inferences from the wonderful varieties of expression in her face, from the fixed attention with which I observed her listen to rational and interesting conversation, and from certain silent and unassuming acts of sweetness to those whom she had an opportunity of obliging. But two of her more talkative sisters, who were yet good girls, had hitherto run away with all the credit from her.

Her cheeks had yet been adorned with a most beautiful colour; I observed that she now grew pale, and still more thoughtful than usual. Her voice, which had always been plaintive, became even tremulously low, and the tears were often rising in her eyes. She had often a book in her hand; but I saw that her thoughts were generally wandering, and that she was inattentive to the page before her. Whenever I came to the house, I had not been long arrived before Ellen entered the room; but if Longford was not with me, she soon retired; and I saw evident disappointment in her looks.

I discovered equal impatience in Longford when she was absent, and many little contrivances in the direction of his walks, of which perhaps he always almost disguised the source from himself, did not escape my notice. I do not think they ever met each other by themselves; for Ellen was too delicate and fearful; she did not appear to have even hinted her attachment to Longford: but she

> "let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
> Prey on her damask cheek."——

A little incident however took place soon afterwards, which seemed to give a more explicit turn to this affair. One evening, towards the end of October, when we both dined at M——'s, something or other called us all out of the room except Ellen and Longford. By some singular luck they were left together nearly half an hour. When I returned, I found her in tears; and she instantly quitted us, and ran up stairs. I endeavoured to rally Longford a little; but found him gloomy and irritable.

Cards were called for in the evening; and Ellen, who was now at the tea-table, seemed to have recovered her composure. She excused herself however from cards,

and placed herself at a little table in the corner of the room. After some time I observed her deeply engaged in a book, over which she hung as if anxious to conceal its title. My curiosity was awakened; and making some pretence to speak to her, I discovered it to be *Walpole's Historic Doubts.* I believe she did not know that I had seen it; but it was a book I was so well acquainted with, that the fragment of a page betrayed it to me. I frequently saw her afterwards with this book, and could not have a doubt that her curiosity regarding it rose out of her conversation with Longford.

Ellen now for the first time began to open to me the stores of her rich mind. I found her astonishingly well read in the English history, as well as in books of taste and fancy; but more particularly inquisitive about that period, to which the *Historic Doubts* relate. The quarrels of the Houses of York and Lancaster, with their various pretensions and connections, she was accurately skilled in; and talked with an indignation totally unlike her gentle temper against Henry the Seventh: she loaded him with the names of usurper, and even murderer; but would not go so far as Walpole in exculpation of Richard the Third.

He never owned his attachment to me, but it was now so obvious that he could no longer flatter himself that I was ignorant of it. I endeavoured to discover the nature of his fortune and expectations; but on this subject, to me at least, he preserved impenetrable secrecy. I found that one time he had fought in the Austrian army, and was well acquainted with the military tactics of that nation; and that he seemed to have a familiar local knowledge both of North and South America, particularly the former; indeed I did suspect that the former was the place of his nativity. I think, if he had himself been born in England, as there is every reason to believe his ancestors were of high birth in this country, I should by some means have discovered it. I once saw in his hands the outside of a MS. history of his family, which I give him full credit for being genuine, and which he assured me, if the time ever arrived for its being laid open, would astonish both me and the world. Some particulars, of which he gave hints, I shall have occasion to tell before I close this story.

[*To be continued.*]

SELECTIONS

FROM

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

No. V.

GEORGE WITHER.

SONNET.

Lordly gallants, tell me this,
(Though my safe content you weigh not,)
In your greatness, what one bliss
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not?
You have honour, you have wealth,
I have peace, and I have health;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortune be;
This or that man's fall I fear not:
Him I love that loveth me;
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

You may boast of favours shown,
Where your service is applied;
But my pleasures are my own,
And to no man's humours tied;
You oft flatter, soothe, and feign,
I such baseness do disdain;
And to none be slave I would,
Though my fetters might be gold.

By great titles some believe
Highest honours are attain'd;
And yet kings have power to give
To their fools what these have gain'd.

Where they favour, there they may
All their names of honour lay;
But I look not rais'd to be,
Till mine own wing carry me.

Seek to raise your titles higher,
They are toys not worth my sorrow;
Those that we to-day admire,
Prove the age's scorn to-morrow.
Take your honours; let me find
Virtue in a free-born mind:
This the greatest kings that be
Cannot give nor take from me.

Though I vainly do not vaunt
Large demesnes to feed my pleasure,
I have favours where you want,
That would buy respect with treasure.
You have lands lie here and there;
But my wealth is every where:
And this aideth to my store,
Fortune cannot make me poor.

Say, you purchase with your pelf
Some respect where you importune;
Those may love me for myself,
That regard you for your fortune.
Rich, or born of high degree,
Fools, as well as you, may be;
But that peace, in which I live,
No descent nor wealth can give.

If you boast that you may gain
The respect of high-born beauties,
Know, I never woo'd in vain,
Nor preferred scorned duties.
She I love hath all delight,
Rosy-red, with lily-white,
And, whoe'er your mistress be,
Flesh and blood as good as she.

Note of me was never took
For my woman-like perfections;

But so like a man I look,
  It hath gain'd me best affections.
For my love, as many showers
Have been wept as have for yours;
And yet none doth me condemn
For abuse or scorning them.

Though of dainties you have store,
  To delight a choicer palate,
Yet your taste is pleas'd no more
  Than is mine in one poor sallad.
You, to please your senses, feed,
But I eat good blood to breed;
And am most delighted then,
When I spend it like a man.

Though you lord it over me,
  You in vain thereof have brav'd;
For those lusts my servants be,
  Whereunto your minds are slav'd.
To yourselves you wise appear,
But, alas! deceiv'd you are;
You do foolish me esteem,
And are that, which I do seem.

When your faults I open lay,
  You are mov'd and mad with vexing;
But you ne'er could do or say
  Aught to drive me to perplexing.
Therefore my despised pow'r
Greater is by far than your;
And whate'er you think of me,
In your minds you poorer be.

You are pleased more or less,
  As men well or ill report you,
And shew discontentedness,
  When the times forbear to court you.
That in which my pleasures be,
No man can divide from me;
And my care it adds not to,
Whatso others say or do.

Be not proud, because you view
  You by thousands are attended;

For, alas! it is not you,
But your fortune that's befriended.
Where I show of love have got,
Such a danger fear I not;
Since they nought can seek of me,
But for love belov'd to be.

When your hearts have every thing,
You are pleasantly dispos'd;
But I can both laugh and sing,
Though my foes have me inclos'd.
Yea, when dangers me do hem,
I delight in scorning them,
More than you in your renown,
Or a king can in his crown.

You so bravely domineer,
Whilst the sun upon you shineth;
Yet, if any storm appear,
Basely then your mind declineth.
But or shine, or rain, or blow,
I my resolutions know.
Living, dying, thrall, or free,
At one height my mind shall be.

When in thraldom I have lain,
Me not worth your thought you prized;
But your malice was in vain,
For your favors I despised.
And, howe'er you value me,
I with praise shall thought of be,
When the world esteems you not,
And your names shall be forgot.

In these thoughts my riches are;
Now though poor or mean you deem me,
I am pleas'd, and do not care
How the times or you esteem me.
For those toys that make you gay,
Are but play-games for a day;
And when Nature claims her due,
I as brave shall be as you.

THE NYMPH'S SONG.

Gentle swain, good speed befall thee,
And in love still prosper thou.
Future time shall happy call thee,
Though thou lie neglected now.
Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,
And perpetual fame attend thee.

Happy are those woody mountains,
In whose shadows thou dost hide,
And as happy are those fountains,
By whose murmurs thou dost 'bide;
For contents are here excelling
More than in some prince's dwelling.

These thy flocks do clothing bring thee,
And thy food out of the fields;
Pretty songs the birds do sing thee,
Sweet perfumes the meadow yields.
And what more is worth the seeing,
Heav'n and earth thy prospect being?

None comes hither who denies thee
Thy contentments, for despight;
Neither any that envies thee
That wherein thou dost delight;
But all happy things are meant thee,
And whatever may content thee.

Thy affection Reason measures,
And distempers none it feeds;
Still so harmless are thy pleasures,
That no other's grief it breeds;
And if night beget thee sorrow,
Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store,
Since they may perceive so plainly,
Thou art rich in being poor,
And that they are vex'd about it,
Whilst thou merry art without it?

Why are idle brains devising
How high titles may be gain'd,
Since by those poor toys despising,
Thou hast higher things obtain'd?
For the man who scorns to crave them,
Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness
Thou dost in thy meanness know,
Kings would be to seek, where greatness
And their honors to bestow;
For it such content would breed them,
As they would not think they need them.

And if those who high-aspiring
To the court-preferments be,
Knew how worthy the desiring
Those things are, enjoy'd by thee,
Wealth and titles would hereafter
Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

All that courtly styles affected
Should a May-lord's honor have;
He that heaps of wealth collected
Should be counted as a slave;
And the man with few'st things cumber'd
With the noblest should be number'd.

Thou their folly hast discern'd,
That neglect thy mind and thee;
And to slight them thou hast learn'd,
Of what title e'er they be;
That no more with thee obtaineth
Than with them thy meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honours, pleasures,
Poor, unworthy trifles seem,
If compared with thy treasures,
And do merit no esteem;
For they true contents provide thee,
And from them none can divide thee.

Whether thralled or exiled,
Whether poor or rich they be,

Whether praised or reviled,
  Not a rush it is to thee.
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind which is within thee.

Then, oh! why so madly doat we
  On those things that us o'erload?
Why no more their vainness note we,
  But still make of them a god?
For, alas! they still deceive us,
And in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore have the fates provided
  Well, thou happy swain, for thee,
That may'st here so far divided
  From the world's distractions be.
Thee distemper let them never;
But in peace continue ever.

In these lovely groves enjoy thou
  That contentment here begun;
And thy hours so pleas'd employ thou,
  Till the latest glass be run.
From a fortune, so assured,
By no tempting be allured.

Much good do't them with their glories,
  Who in courts of princes dwell;
We have read in ancient stories,
  How some rose, and how some fell;
And 'tis worthy well the heeding,
There's like end where's like proceeding.

Be thou still, in thy affection,
  To thy noble mistress true;
Let her never-match'd perfection
  Be the same unto thy view;
And let never other beauty
Make thee fail in love or duty.

For if thou shalt not be estranged
  From thy course professed be,
But remain for aye unchanged,
  Nothing shall have pow'r on thee.

Those that slight thee now shall love thee,
And in spite of spite approve thee.

So those virtues, now neglected,
To be more esteem'd will come;
Yea, those toys, so much affected,
Many shall be wooed from;
And the golden age, deplor'd,
Shall by some be thought restor'd.

THE LETTERS OF DE CLAIRVILLE.

LETTER THE THIRD.

De Clairville to Rinaldo.

Weybourn House, 24th April, 1805.

So rapidly, my friend, have five weeks passed away since my arrival at Weybourn, that it was with some difficulty I could persuade myself, or that the united evidence of Sir John and her ladyship could make me believe, that I had been with them more than four. Since the hours could thus imperceptibly glide away, you will, doubtless, suppose that I must have been very happy, or very busy; for idleness and misery, say philosophers, have alike the power of clogging the wheels of time, and giving an artificial length to days and to minutes. My studies, however, can boast little variety; but the industry with which they have been prosecuted, has been rewarded by a progress by no means contemptible; yet I have neither read Greek, nor construed Latin; and, in fact, I have very seldom opened a book of any sort. What have I done, then, Rinaldo? Ah! Rinaldo, there is in this house a form so lovely, a pair of eyes so brilliant, a mouth whose smiles are so bewitching, and whose voice has taught me such an edifying lesson, that lexicons and grammars, and the whole tribe of ancient and modern authors, have yielded, without a struggle, to influence so superior; for, to tell you the truth, I begin to entertain

very serious doubts whether I am not really in love. In Love! What a world of matter is contained in that little word! Doubts! I have no doubts at all; I am in love, yes, and desperately in love too! Am I made of marble, that I could remain insensible to charms so powerful? But I see you stand quite amazed, and that you may recover a little after this sudden information, I will endeavour to draw my pen from the dear subject, to talk a little to you about our family party, which consists of Sir John and Lady Weyburn, their two children, Charles and Julia, Lord Sacksly, a young nobleman on a visit to Charles, and the Rev. William Tibalt, Sir John's chaplain. Descended from a long line of ancestors, some of whom were illustrious for their virtues, and others of them equally notorious for their follies and vices, sufficiently happy in the society of his wife and children, Sir John Weyburn spends the greatest part of his time in the enjoyment and improvement of his paternal estate, beloved by a numerous tenantry, and respected and esteemed by all who know him for his piety and benevolence. The encourager of industry and the patron of merit, he is ever solicitous to increase the comforts of his dependants, and ready to lend a patient and favourable ear to the tale of poverty and the petition of the unfortunate. Lady Weyburn, of whom he is doatingly fond, eight years younger than himself, is still very beautiful, at the age of two-and-forty. She is one of the most amiable of women, one of the tenderest and most faithful of wives, and one of the most affectionate of mothers. Charles, her eldest child and only son, though not very fond of learning, and of course not very profound, is a character whom you cannot help loving for his constant good humour; his only care is how to make eachday pass as pleasantly as possible to himself and others, by the continuance of some new amusement, of which he may have the sole direction. Fond of pleasure, and, from the easiness of his disposition, not very difficult to be influenced by the example of another, he is in some danger of being corrupted by that of Lord Sacksly, who, to support the title and manners of a man of fashion with proper *eclat*, daily drowns his natural good sense in champaign and burgundy, swears with much grace, can

tell the pedigree of every horse he rides, has driven most of the mail-coaches in the kingdom, and is acquainted with all the coachmen in three of the neighbouring counties. Mr. Tibalt, formerly curate of a village near Welmoth, from his known talents and intrinsic merit, was chosen to be my tutor, and, after filling that office more that eight years, was recommended by my father to the living of D———, then vacant, and in the gift of Sir John Weyburn, who, in making him the vicar, also promoted him to the office of domestic chaplain, and he has, since then, constantly resided in Weyburn-house, with the character of a pious and very worthy man. Now, Rinaldo, listen with all thine ears, while I attempt—ah! how feeble must be my best endeavours—to do justice to the last, because the dearest of this family party! Set before your imagination a fine female form, rather above the middle size, perfectly proportioned, and most elegantly made, with a face strikingly beautiful, and full of the sweetest, the most lively archness; imagine this angel gifted with strong natural talents, improved by a most careful education under the best of parents, blessed with the sweetest temper, and possessing a modesty which shrinks from the admiration its lovely mistress involuntarily commands; with such a picture before your "mind's eye," you may perceive some faint resemblance of Julia Weyburn. Could I avoid loving the original? I was so struck with the evident improvement of her person, that I could not forbear mentioning it one day, when walking with her in the park. "I expected to find you much taller," said I; "but you are grown so beautiful, that when I first saw you, I could scarcely believe it possible for it to be the same person with whom, two years before, I had romped as a girl. What pleasant days were those, Miss Weyburn!" "Do they appear more so than the present?" said my fair companion, smiling. "Not so much so," returned I, taking her hand; "for I never felt happier than I do at this moment, and, indeed, whenever I am in company with so lovely a cousin." "De Clairville," said she, "withdrawing her hand with a blush, "you appear to be in such a strange humour for paying compliments this morning, that if you let me hear one more, I will stay with

you no longer, but condemn you to solitude for the next two hours, that you may have sufficient time to repent, and to form wise resolutions never to offend again." "Resolutions which I should break," replied I, "the next moment I saw you; but why must I be punished for speaking the truth?" "When truth is unseasonable, though supposed to be welcome to those who listen, you should learn to be silent." "Let us not, however," continued I, "quit the subject which was the cause of your dreadful threat; but tell me the reason why the days of youth are generally regarded as the happiest period of human life? Few poets fail to exercise their powers in singing dirges over the years of childhood, in vehement protestations of the felicity they enjoyed when under the authority of a schoolmaster, and in the lamentable complaints of their present misery, and the gloomy prospect of futurity. When the season of youth then is over, my cousin, is happiness also to be at an end?" "Another compliment," answered she, laughing; "a little while ago I was beautiful and lovely, and you now suppose me capable of solving a question which cannot well be answered before the last stage of life enables a person to speak from the experience of, perhaps, fourscore years. But here comes one who can probably give the necessary information. "What a cruel interruption," said I, half in a passion; "however I will ask him the same question, from mere curiosity." "Never rode a better horse in my life," cried Lord Sacksly, who now joined us on full gallop; "only gave a cool hundred for him, and I'll be d——d if I'd take less than two for him now—dam by Highflyer, son to Off-she-goes. Charles is gone down to the large pond to fish, Miss Weyburn; what say you to a row in the boat? There's no fun in walking here all day." "We were talking on a subject, of which I should be glad to know your lordship's opinion," said I. "What's that?" "The days of childhood, and those spent at school, or under the authority of a tutor, are generally lamented as the happiest period of human existence; what do you think about it?" "Never thought much about the matter," replied the noble lord; "I can only tell you, that during the time I spent at Eton, I might have been happy, had

I been content; but that I generally contrived to be miserable by continually wishing for liberty and independence, and by bringing upon myself almost daily punishments for idleness or mischief." "Has the attainment of your wishes, my lord," said Julia, "made you happier?" "More so than I was at school," replied he, "for I have now no fears of a good flogging; but I don't remember ever being *very* happy in my life; I'm always best when I'm asleep, drunk, or upon horseback at full speed, and worst when I think about such things; so here goes," finished he, galloping off with a loud tally-ho! "How much good sense is there lost in a cloud of follies!" said my cousin, as we slowly followed. "How much, indeed," repeated I; "and yet this is the life of a MAN OF FASHION, a title which dazzles, and which ruins so many, who pay the price of that happiness which virtue would afford, for the admiration and applause of brutes, who disgrace their brethren, and of fools who are less estimable beings than a natural idiot." "Are you quite determined yourself, then, De Clairville," inquired my cousin, "not to become a dissipated Man of Fashion, when you arrive in London?" "There are many temptations ready to lead me astray, I know," replied I, taking her hand, "and I have not the vanity to boast of any superior ability to overcome them; but if the recollection of a good example can preserve me untainted, what may not Miss Weyburn expect from the influence of her's?" I tenderly pressed her hand, and, being near the house, we entered it in silence. Dear, amiable girl, how sincerely do I love her! how closely is her angelic image twined round my heart! The lapse of another week will probably decide my fate; for why should I longer nourish so ardent a passion, only to burn and consume me in silence? I will declare to her my affection; should that affection be returned—oh, heavens!—the bare thoughts of such a wife, Rinaldo—*Julia Weyburn my wife!*—Of this no more; I will conclude my letter by giving you some account of the dwelling which contains her. Built as a castle, in the Gothic style, situated on an eminence in the county of Lancaster, about a mile from the coast, and three from the town of D———, stands the residence of the Weyburn

family, whose pictures in massy frames decorate the walls. One wing of this venerable pile has been for some time uninhabited, and fast mouldering into ruins; much of the stone was taken to repair its neighbouring wings, and it now serves only as a retreat for rooks and jackdaws, who, for three parts of the year, are undisturbed tenants of the ivy which now supplies the place of tapestry, till in spring they are compelled to pay the tribute of their young ones for the privilege of rearing them in safety, till they are ready to fly. The grandfather of the present baronet, no great lover of antiques, having modernized the remaining part in as magnificent a manner as his fortune would admit, bestowed the title of *House* upon what still remained a castle, notwithstanding his internal reformation. Surrounded by a park of fifty acres, it commands a prospect which needs not the charms of novelty to be constantly admired; and a fine view of the Irish sea, of the mountains of Wales, and of a country on all sides beautifully wooded and richly cultivated, would alone render me partial to my present abode, did not it become doubly dear to me as the residence of my Julia.

Your's, Rinaldo,

HY. DE CLAIRVILLE.

HOMER.

MR. EDITOR,

As your correspondent Homericus seems to decline Mr. Burdon's offer of advancing the substance of what Damm has said in his Lexicon on the phrase *βόην ἀγαθος*, I will take the liberty of requesting Mr. B. to favour me, through the medium of your publication, with a little further information on this subject. By his letter in your fourth number, I confess I am not convinced of the propriety of his interpretation; the less so, as I find by reference, that in Barnes's edition of Homer, the phrase is constantly translated "*bello fortis*," which is the interpretation contended for by Homericus.

I think this subject, Mr. Editor, worthy of elucidation, and should wish to see some further arguments *pro* and *con* collected together, and inserted in your Cabinet.

I am, &c. &c.

P. D. N.

Cheslea, May 4, 1809.

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

No. VI.

MAXIM.

The following maxim we believe to be as original as it is beautiful; it is the production of a lady:—THE BEST WAY TO HAVE WHAT YOU LIKE, IS TO LIKE WHAT YOU HAVE.

FRENCH ENGLISH.

Dryden has a great affectation of writing English poetry with French words. He has denizened the following foreigners, among others:— *lubrique, painture, fraichure, fougue,* and *reveille.*

TRANSLATION,

says Dryden, is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase.

BEAUMONT OF JONSON.

"His sense is so deep, that he will not be understood for three ages to come."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

" Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprendet inertes;
" Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum
" Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
" Ornamenta; parem claris lucem dare coget;
" Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
" Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet, cur ego amicum
" Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
" In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè."

HOR. *Ars Poet.*

Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808. *By Robert Ker Porter.* 2 vols, 4to. Lond. Phillips, 1809.

THESE volumes are very much like one of the dramas of the present day; their literature is very light, and they are indebted for any success they may obtain, principally to their scenery. Sir Robert Porter is, as our readers well know, a very spirited painter; and the present volumes are plentifully supplied with coloured engravings of costume and tinted ones of views, although the artist cannot call "the scenery and dresses entirely new," since Mr. Atkinson's costume of Russia has both anticipated and surpassed many of Sir Robert's drawings.

We think that a man has as much right to say "how he will be tried" in a literary court of justice as in a criminal one; and in answer to this question, Sir Robert's preface tells us: "The author of the following pages, while relinquishing them for the press, felt a thousand hesitations whether or not to commit himself so far to the mercy of the world, as to submit a simple familiar correspondence to its eyes.

"He had engaged to accompany the drawings in this work with some explanations, and a general sketch of the manners and customs of the people who form their subjects. There was matter in these letters to furnish what was required; but the peculiar circumstances of the writer

on his return to England, finding the friend to whom they had been addressed dying, would not allow him leisure nor spirits to throw them into any other shape. Hence the work appears with every imperfection; and three immoveable [irremoveable] ones, he fears, are prominent: continual egotism, an appearance of ostentation, and perhaps a too unreserved disclosure of his own situation and feelings.

"To such charges the fact must reply. As these pages were originally written in the free intercourse of confidence, the writer naturally mentioned himself as going hither or thither, or being engaged in such and such scenes. He also did not hesitate to acknowledge the kindnesses he received from persons of all ranks; and so, perhaps, by giving way to gratitude, he may incur the suspicion of vanity. For allowing his heart to be so frequently seen, he can only repeat the same apology; he wrote to a friend! to one who had shared his thoughts for many years; to one whose merits were, like his misfortunes, infinite; and whose youth has sunk blighted to the grave. Captain Henry Caulfield was this friend; and thus to mention him is, alas! a poor tribute of respect which affection dictates and sorrow renders sacred.

"On looking over these pages, the writer found the domestic sentiments so interwoven with the general subjects, that he could not separate them without recomposing the whole. This he had not time to do; and as he has, by the peculiarities of his fate, been already so brought before the eye of the public that his history is not only known but his feelings more than guessed at, he thought it best to submit himself at once to its indulgence, and let the letters go forth even in their original simplicity.

"Hence it is not the studied work of an author bringing forward deep researches, valuable discoveries, and consequential observations, that is now laid before the public; but the familiar correspondence of a friend, noticing the manners of the people with whom he associates, their fashions, their amusements, the sentiments of the day, and mingling with these a few occurrences happening to himself, and the reflections to which they give rise.

"Such then is this work, merely travelling sketches: as sketches he trusts a candid public will consider them; and not pretending to have done more, he hopes his readers will judge him by his pretensions, and not withhold the indulgence he requires."

We think Sir Robert Porter would have done better to have waited till he had "leisure and spirits to throw his letters into any other shape:" they are written with so much unusedness to composition and ineffectual vivacity, that we are inclined to say of them, with Macbeth,

"Approach ye like the ragged Russian bear,
" * * * * * * *
"Take any shape but that."

However, letters they are, and as letters let us judge them. But first a word or two on the receiver of these letters, Captain Caulfield. Sir Robert is glowing in his praises of this gentleman, whom our readers will recollect as of theatrical, skaiting, and crim. con. memory. We have no wish to hurt the feelings of Sir Robert; but he should have been more tender of the memory of his friend than to have written of him and to him, as the preface we have quoted shews, and as follows:

"Thy reflective and finely tempered mind, my friend, would here have much food for rumination. How gladly should I listen to thoughts, which were ever as full of wisdom as of sympathy! In witnessing this scene, wouldest thou not gather interesting details of humble and domestic love, its joys and disappointments; and clothed in thy pure and touching language, how would they penetrate the heart!" vol. 1. p. 124.

Captain Caulfield committed adultery, and being imprisoned for non-payment of damages in an action for that injury to the husband, made his escape from the rules of the prison, and left the Marshall to pay those damages! Our sentence is not half so brilliant and pointed as Sir Robert's; his is compliment; our's is truth.

"I do not pretend to be favoured with the Pegasean quill, that was presented to you on entering the world: I never reached the immortal steed." vol. 1. p. 160.

Why, what epic did Captain Henry Caulfield write? If he is a "Milton," why is he yet an "inglorious" one?

The great fault of Sir Robert's letters is an inelegance of wandering. Nothing is so allowable in a letter, as a playful "kicking and curveting in the course;" and there is a knack of leading your readers wherever you please, and of pleasing him wherever you lead him; *modo me Thebis*, &c: but Sir Robert Porter—let him speak for himself.

"During one severe winter, that so terrible to Europe, in the year 1789, terrible to you and me, like any other tale of the times, only by tradition; it spent its rage in the careless days of our infancy; but alas! how many storms of the elements and of the world have beat upon us since!—But to return. During that winter the cold was so inveterate in Russia," &c. vol 1. p. 116.

Nothing can be more vicious than this. At first Sir Robert is in such a hurry to wander from his subject that he does not even stop to finish his sentence; he wanders to common-place moralization; and then pulls up with a "but to return," before he has gained any thing by wandering. He is like Robert Herrick wandering from his mistress, "half-returned before he goes."

In the very next page too, no lively illustration could be more aukwardly introduced than the following.

"How often, when I have seen one of these rugged forms, ready appointed for the sledge, conversing with some lovely female, have I thought of the pretty fairy-tale of Beauty and the Beast! And that the idea is a tolerable picture of our appearance when so habited, you will *see*, *vide* my drawing. My present reference to the story which has so often charmed our infancy, and my frequent appeals to the accompanying sketches, must remind you of the little gilded books we used to turn over together in that blissful morning of our lives, when as we read a hurried description of some wonderful animal, an unicorn for instance, we would be delightfully cut short with a *See here it is!* written over a form as much like the truth as a trumpet."

Sir Robert's "frequent appeals to the accompanying sketches" may have put him in mind of this, but surely not his reference to one of the stories, as a story. By the way, how could a drawing of an unicorn be "like the truth?"

But we would not have it understood that the present work contains no information, no amusement. Quite the contrary; and the principal cause of our taking it up was, that we might impart to those readers who cannot afford to pay the five guineas, which its plates render it necessary to charge for it, some portion of its instruction and entertainment. Sir Robert Porter is a man of an intelligent and enquiring mind; and he brought with him from Russia observations which were worthy of a more studied channel of communication than his present volumes.

The following anecdote of Lord Nelson is well worthy of record; but we are not sure whether it has not been related in some other work.

"The circumstance took place at the battle of the Sound. It at least proves that no situation, however dangerous, can disconcert the truly brave man, or render him inactive to those minutiæ, which being watched by the enemy, betray our weakness or proclaim our power. You must well remember, from the gazettes of that period, how tremendous was the engagement, and how dreadful the slaughter. In the midst of these horrors, surrounded by the dying and the dead, the British admiral ordered an officer, bearing a flag of truce, to go on shore with a note to the Crown Prince. It contained a proposal to his Royal Highness to acquiesce, without further delay, in the propositions of the British Government; not only to put a stop to the present effusion of blood on both sides, but to save from total destruction Copenhagen and its arsenals, which he would otherwise level with the water. Whilst his lordship was writing with all the calmness of a man in his study, he desired Colonel Stewart to send some one below for a light, that he might seal his dispatch. Colonel Stewart obeyed; but none appearing with a candle, when Lord Nelson had nearly completed his letter, he enquired the reason of such neglect, and found that the boy who had been sent for it, was killed in the way by a cannon shot. The order was repeated, upon which Colonel Stewart observed, "Why should your lordship be so particular to use wax, why not a wafer? The hurry of battle will be a sufficient apology for the violation of etiquette." "It is to prove,

my friend," replied Lord Nelson, "that we are in no hurry, that this request is not dictated by fear, or a wish on our part to stop the carnage from the least apprehension of the fate of this day to us, that I am thus particular. Were I to seal my letter with a wafer, it would still be wet when it reached the shore; it would speak of haste. Wax is not the act of an instant; and it impresses the receiver accordingly," The reasoning of the admiral was duly honoured by the result. The Danes acceded to his proposal; and a cessation of hostilities was the result." vol. 1. pp. 13, 14.

Sir Robert Porter commences his Russian Sketches with minute descriptions of the city of St. Petersburgh, and an account of its institutions, enlarging, as becomes his profession, upon the collections of pictures at the Hermitage and at Peterhoff, upon the Houghton Gallery, and upon the institution for the encouragement of the arts. He then proceeds to describe the religion of the Greek church at much length; and next comes to always the most interesting chapter in geography, man. Letter XI. commences as follows:

"St. Petersburgh, Oct. 1805.

"How changed is the face of nature since last I addressed you! all is frozen, and covered with the chilling snows of winter. If the city astonished me when under the glowing tints of an autumnal atmosphere, how much more striking does its present pale silvery light make it appear!

"Now indeed this is Russia! every sensation, every perception, confirms the conviction. The natives have suddenly changed their woollen kaftans, for the greasy and unseemly skins of sheep. The freezing power, which has turned every inanimate object into ice, seems to have thawed their hearts and their faculties; they sing, they laugh, they wrestle, tumbling about like great bears, amongst the furrows of the surrounding snow. In fact, this season, so prolonged with them, seems more congenial with their natures than their short but vivid summer.

"This year the bosom of the Neva was encrusted with ice at an early period: it took place on the 14th of the present month: but in the September of 1715, it was shut up by a frost so intense as to become in a few hours safe

for carriages of the heaviest burthen. Soon after the commencement of the present winter, the bridge of boats (which communicates with that part of the city built on an island called Vassilly Ostroff) was allowed to swing to the opposite side of the river, in order to permit vast sheets of congealed water to pass forward into the gulph. After an early frost followed by a temporary thaw, these masses find their way down the Neva; they come from the interior, the lake Ladoga, &c. and proceed with frightful velocity. Sometimes a quick frost assists these accumulations; and renders then in one night safe for conveyances of every description. Frequently the ice thus collected does not finally dissolve till the expiration of the ensuing May. In that charming month, I am told, summer re-appears with the suddenness of enchantment; and every thing around seems rather like the instantaneous mechanism of an English pantomime, than the regular action of the season.

"Far different is the scene at present! Where are now the expanded waters of the Neva? The gay gondolas and painted yachts? The myriads of vessels and boats continually passing and repassing? All have disappeared: one bleak extended snowy plain generalizes the view; and scarcely a trace is left to convey an idea that a river ever glided through the heart of this imperial city. The roofs of the palaces, public buildings, and private houses, are shrouded in the same pale garb. But no objects are so strangely beautiful as the trees which grow in several divisions of this metropolis; when divested of their leaves, the repeated coats of snow thickening on their branches, form them into the appearance of white coral encrusted with a brilliant diamond dust. Even the beards of men and horses are white and glittering with this northern ornament.

"Cold to the Russians seems to be what heat is to the torpid animal; for Petersburgh at this moment presents a prospect of much greater bustle and activity than during the warmer months. The additional multitudes, spread in busy swarms throughout every quarter, are inconceivable: sledges, carriages, and other *traineau* vehicles, cross and pass each other with incredible velocity. The sensation excited in the eye by the swift, transitory move-

ment of so many objects upon the unbroken glare of the snow, is painful and blinding; and you might as well determine to fix your sight upon a particular ant at the demolition of its little world, as on one of these figures when beholding them from a height, from the fortress tower, for instance, where I have just been beholding a scene as extraordinary to the English eye, as it is indescribable and amusing.

"You will naturally expect a description of the sledge, a prominent feature in a Russian view. It is a machine, on which not only the persons of the people are transported from place to place with unparalleled speed, but likewise the product of other nations is passed many thousand versts into the interior. The sledge is precisely a pair of colossal skaits joined together. On these (according to the taste of the owner) is erected the most agreeable and convenient carriage, which either his purse may afford or his situation claim. The sledges of the humbler order are solely formed of logs of wood bound together with ropes into the before-mentioned shape: on this is an even surface of plank or matting, for the accommodation of themselves or loads. You will see a Russian pair in one of these conveyances, amongst my pencil memorandums. The sledges which succeed the drojcka (the St. Petersburgh hackney-coach) are generally very neat, yet always gaudy*, being decorated with red, green, gold and silver, with strange carved work and uncouth whirligigs of iron. Their interior is well bespread with damp hay, for the benefit of the hirer, in order to keep his feet *warm*. It is so difficult to describe the precise cut of these vehicles, that I must again refer you to the more accurate delineation in my sketch-book.

"The sledge-carriage of a prince, or a nobleman, is uncommonly handsome. All its appointments are magnificent, and never out of harmony. In it we behold the genuine uncontaminated taste of the country: no bad imitations of German or English coach-work are here attempted; all is characteristic; and a picturesque effect, peculiarly its own, is produced by the vehicle itself, its furs, its horses, their trappings, and the streaming beards

* Is not this a paradox? REV.

of the charioteers. The nobleman's sledge is built exactly on the same principle with those of inferior people, only differing in the width of the body, which is made to hold two persons. It is warmly lined with rich furs, and to prevent the lower extremities of the occupier from being cold has an apron like those of our curricles formed of green or crimson velvet, bordered with gold lace. On a step behind, stand the servants with appropriate holders. This place is often filled by gentlemen when accompanying ladies on a sledging party.

"The horses attached to this conveyance are the pride of the opulent. Their beauty and value are more considered than the sledge itself. The excess of vanity amongst the young officers and nobility here, consists in driving about two animals whose exquisite elegance of form, and playfulness of action, attract the attention of every passenger. The form of these horses is slight and Arabic, possessing the grace of an Italian greyhound, with a peculiar lightness and looseness of pace. One only is placed in the shafts, which never alters its pace from a rapid trot: the other is widely traced by its side; and is taught to pace, curvet, and prance, in the most perfect taste of a finished manege. Their tails and manes are always of an enormous length; a beauty so admired by the Russians that twenty horses out of thirty have false ones. Indeed this custom is so prevalent, that frequently the most rascally rosinante and pigmy fin-galloway have long artificial appendages, richly clothed with knots of dirt, hanging as low as the ground.

"But to return to the sledge-horses. The harness of these creatures is curiously picturesque, being studded with polished brass or silver, hundreds of tassels, intermingled with embossed leather or scarlet cloth. These strange ornaments give the trappings an air of eastern *tartaric* splendor, perfectly consonant with the animal's shape. However, as every carriage in Russia (even should it be built in the excess of the British mode) is drawn by horses thus romantically caparisoned, the union is sometimes monstrous; and I have often felt the contradiction so forcibly, as to remind me of an absurd sight I once beheld at home. It was an Indian chief in a London assembly; he was decorated with chains, shells,

and tygers' teeth, while all the spruce, powdered *beaux* around him were in the extreme of European *costume*.

"The passion of the Russians for rapid motion has produced the sport called a *sledge-race*. A regular course for that purpose is kept always smooth, and railed off, upon the Neva. Crowds assemble there to witness the wonderful velocity with which this race is performed. The species of horse used on this occasion is an animal whose swiftest pace is a peculiar sort of trot. No race is ever run quicker; indeed the rapidity of this is incredible, being not at all inferior to that of a gallop. The sledge-horses never step out in the usual way, but are taught to lift up both legs on the same side, which gives their motion a singular appearance. By this habit the action of the horse's body is doubled, and their speed consequently increased twofold. I do not yet know whether regular matches are made, or whether the spirit of sport produces bets, &c. I did not perceive any symptoms of this species of gambling, nor did I investigate that *important* question, contenting myself with surveying the *tout ensemble* merely as a picture of rude magnificence.

"The surrounding winter scenery, the picturesque sledges and their fine horses, the scattered groupes of the observing multitude, the superb dresses of the nobility, their fur cloaks, caps and equipages, adorned with coloured velvets and gold, with ten thousand other touches of exquisite nature, finished the scene, and made it seem like an olympic game, from the glowing pencil of Rembrandt.

"I will now give you an idea of the constituent parts of the animated objects of the scene; I mean the figures and habits of the personages present. The nobility of both sexes, when not enveloped in pelisses, appear in our fashion, only a little more *à la Française;* but it is in the dress of the peasant, the simple covering with which the unsophisticated native of the snows of Russia shields himself from the cold, that we find the characteristic garb of these northern regions. The head is protected from the inclemency of the weather by caps of velvet and fur, some round, others square, in the Hulan form, or varied, according to the choice of the wearer. A long

kaftan of blue or brown cloth, reaching below the knees, sitting close to the shape, without any cape, and crossing diagonally the breast (being fastened with cylindrical buttons of brass or white metal, till it reaches to the bottom of the waist) is the body's covering. Round the waist is a sash of crimson worsted net, like those worn by a British officer; in this they place their gloves, or, if they be labourers, their hatchets. Their necks are completely bare of any other shelter than their hair, which hangs down in straight locks all around it. Their shirts and trowsers are of coarse linen, striped with either red or blue. Thick swathes of rags are rolled about their legs, to keep out the cold, over which they pull a pair of large and ill-constructed boots. Those who do not arrive at the luxury of these leather bandages, increase the swathings to such a bulk, by wrappings and cross-bandages, that their lower extremities appear more like flour-sacks than the legs of men. When thus bulwarked, they stuff them into a pair of enormous shoes, made very ingeniously from the bark of the linder-tree, at the expence of three halfpence. Their mode of habiliment undergoes no other alteration during the winter than, perhaps, exchanging the kaftan for a sheep-skin of the same form. This style of dress appertains to the commonalty alone, and it is astonishing how closely it resembles that worn by the English in the reign of Richard the Second. I draw my ideas on this subject from our monumental remains of that period, when it was usual to commemorate the form of the deceased in the very habit he wore when alive. Any one, who has considered the old tombs in our cathedrals, or has studied the costume to be seen in many illuminated manuscripts extant, will not doubt the fact, but immediately perceive that the peasantry of Russia, in the nineteenth century, are cotemporaries with those of England in the fourteenth.

"You will necessarily expect that my gallantry cannot overlook the personal decorations of the fair ladies of the same degree of rank; but, alas! this race of the lovely sex are such contradictions to their usual appellation, that, I fear, you will think me a very uncivil commentator. However, judge for yourself. They are generally stunted, clumsy, round-faced, small-featured, and

sallow-complexioned. The latter defect they strive to remedy by a profusion of paint of various hues, which they daub on with as little taste as art. The wives of the lowest classes wear a short gown of blue woollen cloth, bound with divers colors, most glaringly imitating the rainbow interlinings on their faces. The waist is usually fastened by a close row of cylindrical buttons. Their heads are ordinarily bound with a flowered handkerchief, of the gayest pattern, terminating beneath the chin. On holidays, a little front of gold and coloured stones is added, formed like the diadem of Juno. In the most excessive cold this slight coëeffure is the only covering for the head; but for the shelter of the body, the ever-valuable and customary sheep-skin is applied, in the shape of an English peasant's bed-gown. Warm stockings and boots are the defence for the legs.

"The wives of mechanics and Russ merchants dress with more taste and costliness. Their gowns are of rich brocade, and their heads fantastically adorned with pearls. Their cloaks are shaped like the doublet of Sir John Falstaff, and of the same materials, being velvet, either crimson, scarlet, or purple, lined and caped with sable fur of the most expensive sort. They also wear boots, made of leather or velvet, according to the pecuniary ability of the purchaser. Indeed, this invention for the comfort of the leg is so respected here, that the smallest infants, just able to crawl, are encumbered sooner with boots than with shirts.

I must not omit to mention one odd custom. As soon as a woman enters into the happy state of matrimony, she binds up the whole of her hair beneath the dress of her head. In the days of her maidenhood she wears it plaited, like the Chinese, and tied with a bunch of ribbons at the end. I could not learn the origin of this practice, and, like many unaccountable usages in other countries, I believe it is now followed because it is an ancient custom." Vol. I. pp. 107—114.

The following passage will give our readers some idea of the *oriental* luxury of the *North*.

" Since the return of its invaluable Monarch, St. Petersburgh has been a scene of continued gaiety; and, as it is also the opening of the new year, a time of extraor-

dinary festivity in Russia, there is no end to the *fêtes*, feasts, and rejoicings.

"Amongst them all, I must not omit describing an evening which I lately passed at the Winter Palace. The entertainment given there was a public masquerade, where, from the imperial family down to the Russ tradesman, all ceremony was suspended. This immense winter residence (of which the hermitage forms but a very small part) was thrown open; every saloon, gallery, and corridor blazed with chandeliers. The dome of the grand hall of Saint George shone like a chrystal heaven. Indeed, in the luxury of light, no country is so lavish as Russia; for even the meanest houses bear witness to the truth of this observation.

"The crowd and heat of the masquerade were almost unbearable, fifteen hundred persons having received tickets of admission; and when involved in a vortex, where mingled many of the *unpurified* natives, the more refined were unable to form an antidote to the effluvia. Otto of roses and the most costly perfumes were breathed in vain through this motley and steaming group.

"The nobility present, who underwent this Saturnalian festival, were full-dressed in Venetian and other fancy-habits. The lower orders were attired after their usual manner; but the most curious objects were the wives of the rich Russian merchants (whose national costume had in itself a masquerade effect) attended by their bearded husbands, dressed in dark kaftans. As they strolled about the rooms, they appeared like companies of fantastic characters, habited as magicians, and overgrown fairies clad in "*glittering robes of shining green.*" Amongst the ornaments of these women, my eye was much pleased with one peculiar to their country: it is a coronet of the ducal form, composed entirely of pearls exquisitely arranged. Under the coronet the hair of the single women is bound smoothly back; that of the married ones wholly concealed. Great masses of fur, gold and silver fringe, finish their gala attire. It is only to carnival days and saints' festivals that they pay the tribute of so sumptuous an appearance; and then their mania for outvying a rival often makes them forego the common comforts of existence.

"At eight o'clock the masquerade was filled to suffocation; and about an hour afterwards the imperial family entered, creating a kind of current in the mob, which is elegantly termed a *polonage*. This is a promenade in couple, with which all the maids of honour, gentlemen of the court, nobles, &c. fall in. Thus they pass through every chamber, to the gratification of the multitude, mingling without reserve amidst the lowest of their subjects. The ladies of the imperial family were all clothed in the ancient style of Muscovy, a habit covered with pearls, and by no means unbecoming. But to the beauty or majesty of their coëffure, my stubborn taste for simplicity refused to subscribe. The coëffure is a *thing* entirely formed of various coloured jewels, fixed on the head by means of a cap, from which it rises, like a pyramid, nearly a yard in the air; large uncouth patterns of flowers are wrought into it, making an embroidery of precious stones. From the utmost pinnacle of this monstrous *non-descript* hangs a huge square of brocaded silk, reaching to the bottom of the back. When you look at this last appendage, without knowing to what it is attached, the effect is ridiculous beyond conception.

"After remaining more than two hours in the assembly, the imperial family withdrew into the hermitage. This department of the palace, being sacred to them and their party, became literally a heaven to retire to, from the bustle, heat, and offensive vapour of the purgatory we had left.

"In some former letter, I have described this celebrated place, at least the pictures which form its splendid hangings. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of its various decorations. Silver candelabra, of gigantic size and classic shape, blazing above bases of Siberian marble, are ranged on all sides, amidst every luxurious improvement of couch or chair, in French, Turkish, or Grecian taste. These elegant trifles are not too profusely lavished; for they all seem to have their use, and rather add to, than diminish, the consequence of those nobler works of art which enrich the walls. Indeed, the whole interior of this little palace is so complete, and arranged with such unity of design, that it would be injurious to

its merits to attempt comparing it with Saint Cloud. That boasted mansion, for the perfection of which every atom of French talent has been exerted, every touch of French taste laboured and repeated, proved at last but a large *Magazin des Meubles*, confused and vilely disposed; the infamous fashion of never admitting two chairs alike into one room, has rendered it the most disgustingly expensive and vulgarly ostentatious display of *fine furniture* that ever yet pretended to the name of magnificence. Saint Cloud is an upholsterer's shop, whence palaces may be fitted; the Hermitage is a palace ready fitted for the reception of kings. And here was spread a court supper, that in splendour and taste well accorded with the graces of the imperial family which adorned the banquet. The theatre of the Hermitage, in which operas, masquerades and balls are often given, during the winter-residence of the Emperor, was adapted for the occasion in a style exquisitely beautiful and novel. The artist, who has the management of these fairy phantasies, is an Italian called Gonzalo; and his genius had now imparted such charms to this little theatre as are far beyond my homely pen to deseribe.

"In the first place, the pit was boarded level with the stage. On this platform were placed tables, in all the pride of an imperial banquet, richly lighted and royally spread for feasting. The festooned curtain, common to theatres, was here made of gold tissue, forming resplendent draperies, glittering with fringes of cut-glass. Immediately behind this façade rose drapery of the same magnificent materials, in form of a Turkish tent, from the centre of which hung a lustre, whose numberless chrystal pendents produced a constellation of light. Over this fell a veil of spa and glass, woven into transparent net-work like lace, through which played the prismatic colours with indescribable brilliancy; cords and tassels of glass, in various festoons, crossed each other amongst the draperies, beneath which stood a circular bower of rose-trees in full blow and fragrance. A range of arches (advanced some paces in front of the bower) was tastefully ornamented with arabesque devices, and their openings filled up with a film of spun-glass, *apparently* finer than cobweb, on which were painted, in

opaque colours, sylphic figures, which thus seemed floating in air. Unseen lights were so ingeniously placed as to reflect from this glass gauze, producing such an effect as the sun's rays on a light-falling shower.

"When the whole of this enchanted spot was illuminated, it might well have been mistaken for a diamond mine, destined for the banquet of genii. Nay, the charm was completed by the sound of music from a hidden intrument, which united in itself the characters of the organ and Æolian harp; I did not see it, but they say, it will surprise me when I do. These soft, melodious breathings issued from the thicket of rose-trees, and finished the magical effect of an *Arabian-night*-like scene. While "pleasure winged the festive hours," I almost fancied myself transported to one of the *Fortunate Islands* of the Fabulist, or, shall I say, to Mahomet's Paradise. The banquet of the senses was before me, and around the lovely Houris, with the peerless Cadige at their head! You must forgive my being a little in the superlative upon a subject so excessive in all the luxuries of eye, ear, taste, and smell."—Vol. I. pp. 149—153.

[*To be continued.*]

The Lash, a Satire without Notes. Lond. Bone and Hone, 8vo. pp. 48. 1809.

"Si natura negat, facilis dignatio versum,"

should have been this author's motto. He possesses very little practical talent; but he has poured forth very animated and merited invectives against most of the vices of the day, and drawn some spirited portraits of some of the worst of our public characters. The following are the most favourable specimens of his Satire:—

"Let grave Divinity, secure of heaven,
Count o'er has gains, and work ONE day in SEVEN;
Let him in peace his constant slumbers take,
'Till rous'd by active Methodism he 'wake;
'Wake like a drunkard, in a harlot's bed,
To find his money and his mistress fled!" pp. 15, 16.

" Let Law, in form of G——s, his stings dispense,
And make a libel of plain common sense;
With thoughts of self-importance lifted high,
Triumphant victor o'er a mangled fly!" p. 16.
" But what can verse with our flagitious crimes?
Who ever knew a poet mend the times?
Shall giant pow'r to moral truths give ear,
Unbend his brow, and break his beamy spear?
Pursue the right path, and forsake the wrong,
Sooth'd into reason by a minstrel's song?
What! shall a Prince, reproach to common sense,
Who pledges *princely honour* in defence,
(Forgive me, Prudence, if, in Reason's spite,
I drop my pen awhile to laugh outright)
A Prince who finds it difficult to shine
In any sphere—above th' illustrious line,
Whom Nature, laying wit and genius by,
Made in a wanton fit—she knew not why;
But, finding no great use for such a thing,
Threw it aside—scarce fit to make a king!" p. 39.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, a Satire. Lond. Cawthorn, 12mo. pp. 54. 1809.

Satire seems the order of the day. It is reported that this little volume is the vengeful retort of Lord Byron on the severity of the Edinburgh Review, in their critique of his Poems; but, besides that we think the Satire is written with more talent than Lord Byron possesses, many more persons than Scotch Reviewers, and even than English Bards, come under the present lash. Lord Byron's habits and connexions too would have taught him better than to say,

" Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
" Wave the white arm," &c.

for, in the first place, Madame Angiolini never does " bare her breast," and in the second, she is a remarkably brown woman. The whole passage, although it will further prove the writer's ignorance of the opera, contains some good lines.

" Health to immortal JEFFREY! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And giv'n the Spirit to the world again,
To sentence Letters, as he sentenc'd men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack,
Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw,
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the Judgment Seat?
Let JEFFERIES' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope;
" Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
" Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
" This cord receive! for thee reserv'd with care,
" To wield in judgment, and at length to wear." pp. 23—24.

The author of this work, whoever he is, is considerably behind the curtain of literature, and makes no scruple in pulling it aside a little more than " the strictest honour and secrecy" warrant. If the book was published to deprecate the severity of the Edinburgh Review, the author is rather unlucky; for he is quite as severe as that work can be, upon every body but a very small *coterie*. The following passage is an example of this:—

" Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame?
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
Well may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a NALDI's face,
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship CATALANI's pantaloons,*
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

* NALDI and CATALANI require little notice; for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trowsers."

" Then let AUSONIA, skill'd in ev'ry art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice and hunt decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays;
While Gayton bounds before the enraptur'd looks
Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes:
Let high-born letchers eye the lively Presle
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe;
Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck and charm the list'ning throng!
Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice!
Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful soul to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
Your holy rev'rence for the Sabbath-day." pp. 36 38.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Sir Adam Gordon, bart. prebendary of Bristol, will publish, in the course of this month, Fifty two Lectures on the Church Catechism, in two octavo volumes, which have long been expected.

Archdeacon Illingworth intends to republish his Topographical Account of Scampton, with additional anecdotes and portraits.

A new edition of Xenophon's Memorabilia, by Benwell, is in the press; to which it is intended to add Socratis Apologia, and the notes of the last edition of Schneider, and to omit the Latin version.

Letters of the Swedish Court during the early part of the reign of Gustavus III, are expected to appear in the

course of this month. This work will contain interesting particulars of the Duke of Sudermania, of his conduct while regent during the minority of the present monarch, the policy of empress Catharine towards Sweden, the young king and the duke's visit to Petersburg to espouse a duchess of Russia, the king's detection of Catharine's duplicity, and their return without accomplishing the object of their visit.

Characters of the late Charles James Fox, partly selected and partly written by Philopatris Warvicensis, will appear in the course of this month.

The Crede of Pierce Plowman is printing in a small quarto volume, with a black-letter type, the text accurately revised from a collation of the printed copies, and occasionally corrected by an inspection of the existing manuscript. A historical introduction will be prefixed, and the poem copiously illustrated by notes etymological and practical.

Dr. Carey will shortly publish an easy and familiar Introduction to English Prosody and Versification, with exercises in scanning and versification. He is also preparing for the press an easy Introduction to Latin Versification, on a nearly similar plan.

Dr. Adam Neale, physician to the forces in the late campaigns in Spain and Portugal, has in the press a Series of Letters, containing a full account of the operations of the British armies under Sir Arthur Wellesley and Sir John Moore, illustrated by twelve engravings, from drawings made on the spot.

Adam and Margaret, or the Cruel Father punished for his unnatural conduct to his innocent Daughter, will shortly be published. It is said to be a narative of real incidents, with some reflections, and a proposal for cultivating a department of literature, to be entitled Private Biography.

Miss A. M. Porter has a new novel in the press, entitled Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza, in four volumes.

Sir Brooke Boothby, bart. has in the press the English

Esop, a collection of fables, ancient and modern, in verse, translated, imitated, and original, in two post octavo volumes.

Mr. Galt is preparing a work illustrative of the life of Cardinal Wolsey, and those corruptions in the church which led to the Reformation, and the general change which then took place in the political system of Europe.

The Rev. Melville Horne, minister of Christ Church, Macclesfield, will shortly publish, in a duodecimo volume. an investigation of the Definition of Justifying Faith, the Damnatory Clause under which it is enforced, and the doctrine of a Direct Witness of the Spirit, held by Dr. Coke, and other methodist-preachers.

Mr. Thelwall is preparing for publication an Essay on the Causes and probable consequences of the Decline of Popular Talent, addressed to the serious consideration of the Senate and the Bar.

The author of All the Talents has announced a poem, entitled, The Statesman, which will include biographical sketches of Pitt, Fox, Nelson, &c.

Mr. Greig, of Chelsea, has announced a work on Astronomy, on a new plan, which will render that science more simple and easy. The chief constellations are to be exhibited (in a manner similar to geography) on separate maps, with remarks, &c.

A Lady not unknown to the fashionable as well as the literary world, is about to publish a novel upon an Historical subject, to be entitled "The Husband and the Lover."

We understand that a second edition of Rosa Matilda's Nun of St. Omer's is in the press.

Mr. M. G. Lewis's Venoni, will be published in a few days.

Manfronè, or the One Handed Monk, a novel in 4 vols. will be published this month.

A new French Grammar, by Mr. Vigier, is in the press and will be published in a few days.

We understand that a narrative of the Campaign in Portugal and Spain, with authentic letters to and from the Ministry, is about to be published by the relatives of Sir John Moore.

In the press and just ready for publication, in 2 vols, foolscap 8vo. an account of the operations of the British army, and of the state and sentiments of the people of Portugal and Spain, during the campaigns of 1808 and 9; in a Series of Letters, by the Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, A. M. Chaplain on the staff of the army.

A novel has just appeared from the pen of Miss Burney, entitled Seraphina, or a Winter in Town.

In a few days will be published, Cœlibea chusing a Husband, a novel in 2 vols. in opposition to the tenets of Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Don Juan, a grand Opera, the Music composed *by Wolfgang Mozart.* Cianchettini, London.

NOTHING can be a more convincing proof of the present degeneracy of taste among the musical professors, than the long sleep which they have suffered the opera of Don Giovanni to enjoy; and at length when it has been roused up, instead of being produced with appropriate scenic splendour at the King's Theatre, or performed at the principal concerts in London, it has been introduced to public notice by a society of amateurs, who, assisted by a few professors, have executed it with a degree of excellence highly creditable to their talents. There appear to be two reasons why this sublime opera has so long remained dormant, which reflect no credit on the performers of our own country or of Italy.

The Italians appear as jealous in music as in love, and strive to conceal the merits of the German school which they must be fully aware surpass their own. Thus they prefer the rapid operas of Fioravanti and Pucitta to the noble compositions which have issued from the pens of Mozart, Haydn, Winter and Beethoven, with none of whom the best Italian masters will bear a comparison. The English singers are averse from performing the music of Don Juan, from a ridiculous vanity of absorbing all attention to themselves, which in this opera they cannot do, as the boldness and variety of accompaniments force us to attend to them, instead of to the twirls and tricks of

the vocal performers, for whose paltry cadences Mozart has left no room. Notwithstanding their extreme celebrity, the present concert-singers seem fearful their execution should be forgotten, unless they have in every song an opportunity of showing what feats they can perform, and wish to use the band as painters do picture-frames to display their performance to the greater advantage, but by no means to share the praise. What is it but this, that makes Mrs. Dickons sing "The Soldier tir'd," and Mr. Braham the paltry and contemptible composition called "The last words of Marmion."

The overture to Don Juan is grand in the extreme, and if not superior may without doubt be ranked equal to the better-known introduction to Zauberflotte. To enumerate all the pieces deserving unqualified admiration, would be to give a list of the whole; every part appears to have been the result of the utmost stretch of Mozart's genius; no signs of hastiness or weariness are to be discovered; the composer never relapses into carelessness, but has finished the whole as if his fame entirely depended upon it. For elegance of melody the duetto "La ci darem la mano," with the songs of "Vedrai carino" and "Batti, batti," stand almost unrivalled; the last is ornamented with a smooth and beautifully contrived violoncello-accompaniment. Most surprising flights of imagination are exhibited in the construction of the instrumental parts throughout the whole opera, and in no part more conspicuously than in the finales. That to the first act is extremely long, and composed of a variety of movements admirably expressive of the bustle, confusion and gaiety of a masquerade; the second is descriptive of the scene where the statue appears at supper, and Don Juan is carried to the infernal regions, which gives occasion to one of the sublimest compositions that ever proceeded from the pen of Mozart. It may be worth remarking, that this opera was completely damned at its first representation in Paris, a striking proof of the low state of musical taste in France.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to Geo. Onslow, Esq. by J. B. Cramer. Op. 42. Birchall, London.

Mr. Cramer continues his exertions in musical compo-

sition, and, unlike most of the present piano-forte composers, never produces any work discreditable to his genius, but appears always anxious to give proofs of his variety of imagination and inexhaustible fund of novelty. The sonata now published is, we think, among the best of his productions, and also one of the most difficult; for he scarcely ever considers the inferiority of other performers to himself, and indulges in every freak of fancy without once consulting the ease of the amateur. The fulness of arrangement, the frequent introduction of tenths, which are beyond the reach of most hands, and rapid passages of double notes in contrary motion, are but a part of its difficulties. The first movement is a maestoso moderato, and directed to be played *con espressione*, a most unnecessary piece of instruction, since without expression no music can be properly performed. A short adagio follows, with a scherzando of very rich and full harmony, contrived with the utmost taste. The whole concludes with a rondo allegro of very great merit. Mr. Cramer has inserted on the title-page a note that the sonata "was composed during the first week of January 1809," a piece of information for the necessity of which we cannot account, unless it is meant as a recommendation to the composition, although we never heard that January was a month gifted with particular musical inspiration. Thomson, who certainly observed the seasons with great attention, conceived that he could write best in the autumnal period of the year, and other poets have had similar whims, so that Mr. Cramer perhaps has the same fancy, and imagines his talents are brightest in the most gloomy state of the atmosphere. We wish many of our composers would adopt similar fancies, as we should then be relieved from the daily succession of publications that issue from the music shops; Ware should be allowed to flourish only during the pantomime season of Christmas, and Dr. Clarke should have free permission to be a public annoyance during Lent, when his compositions are the life and soul of Messrs. Ashleys' oratorios.

"*The Robin*, from Mary Ward's original Poetry (an "invitation to the Robin) a much admired canzonett "and trio, by J. B. Sale." Birchall, London.

This composition is modestly stated on the title-page

to be "much admired," but not being informed by whom, we imagine that the author alludes to the pleasure it has given himself. His former duet of "The Butterfly" was so ingenious as to give reason for regretting his tardiness in publication; but if he cannot again surpass "The Robin," it is to be hoped that he will not hurry himself to produce any thing more. The air is pleasing, but it is such as any person of taste could compose, and the accompaniment is not above the pitch of Mr. Moore's ballads; every verse concludes with a trio to the emphatic words "Sweet Robin," which are ornamented with a chirruping symphony, meant to be expressive of the bird's twittering. The words are by one Mary Ward, and their selection is no proof of Mr. Sale's literary taste; for they certainly have no claim to originality and still less to be called poetry. They consist of an invitation to a robin to quit an icy thorn and come to breakfast, an offer of a night's lodging whenever the "clouds distil their snowy tears," and a request that the bird will in return never cease to sing during the hottest days of summer; these original ideas are put in hobbling triplets with the jingle of "sweet robin" at the end of each. This composition, with a careful view of the profits to arise from it, is spun out to the extent of nine pages, and evidently without any other motive, as the three verses are exactly similar, so that the public have to pay three shillings for what, if fairly published, would cost but one, and even then the price of a copy would be more than the whole composition can be justly rated at.

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

No. 6. *The Watering Place. By W. Callcott, A.*

The effect of a hazy atmosphere is very accurately represented in this picture; the forms and grouping of the trees and cottages are excellent; and it possesses a harmony and repose that we have seldom seen equalled.

22. *Spithead. Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor. By J. M. W. Turner, R. A.*

The fine swell of sea in this picture is treated in the usual bold and vigorous style of this artist, while the sombre hue of the waves is beautifully broken by the vivid colouring of the boat's crew. The scene is terminated by some ships of war; the passengers of a small sailing vessel, which is passing the nearest of these, attracted by the novelty and magnitude of the object, are in very natural gazing attitudes of admiration.

68. *Milton's Messiah, from the sixth Book of 'Paradise Lost.' By B. West, R. A.*

We think this, without exception, the worst of the President's pictures we ever saw. The countenance of the Messiah has an assumed fierceness of expression truly unmeaning, the more so, as, instead of being cast on the supposed victims of his ire, it is entirely thrown away upon the unfortunate spectators of the picture. There is a lividness about the flesh, that would almost make us suppose it was painted from the same pallet as his excellent picture of the Deluge, and there is a grotesqueness about the faces of the fallen angels, almost reminding one of the temptations of St. Anthony of the Dutch masters, and totally unworthy so serious a subject.

77. *Henry and Emma. By S. Woodforde, R. A.*

An interest is given to this picture (representing a mere love-dialogue) which it would not otherwise possess, by the very clever disposition of the lights. We believe Mr. Woodforde has seldom introduced more than one figure, and that only a full length, in his former paintings; he has now ventured upon two whole lengths, and we are happy to congratulate him upon his success; it is certainly his best picture.

87. *A Water-spout in the Mountain of Switzerland.*

This is a very poetical landscape, one of those subjects possessing grandeur and motion, in which this artist so eminently excels. The picture, though not perhaps an equal, is a very worthy companion to his *Avalanche*. The subject is, fortunately for the picture, of such a nature as to preclude that vitiated excess of colouring, the introduction of which has spoiled the effect of most of this gentleman's later productions.

VERSE.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY.

Though matrimony's now the rage,
The tip-top of the fashion,
And boys and girls of ev'ry age
Must wed, or die for passion;

Ye maiden ladies, young and old,
Don't in these follies mingle,
Take my advice, if not too bold,
And live, contented, single.

Amidst the joys of married life,
I fear you'll find much sorrow;
For, she may, that is once a wife,
To self-will bid good morrow;

Perhaps, just thro' the honey moon,
Her consequence, may last her,
But, when that's past, and that's too soon,
The husband's lord and master.

Self-will dispos'd of, now let's see
What other joys await her,
Two little children on her knee,
And, 'fore they're grown much greater,

Another, and another come,
And, then there's such a clamour,
'Twixt nurse, mamma, and master John,
That pa' gets out of humour;

" For God's sake; take the child up stairs
I cannot bear this squealing"——
" La! Mr. Such-a-one, what airs!
A stone has as much feeling."

A thousand instances of strife,
More trifling than I mention,
Disturb the peace of man and wife;
And 'twixt them sow dissention;

High words ensue, and then retort,
Without consideration,
Brings on the "dernier resort"
A mutual separation.

Now ladies, with before your view
Troubles, so hard to parry,
Can you, and mind you tell me true,
Now can you wish to marry?

Before you on this point decide,
Your joys I'll fairly measure
With those, that I have just decried,
And see, which give most pleasure.

No husband yet your will enthrals,
No child excites your passions,
You've only just to dance at balls,
And follow all the fashions;

And go to operas and plays,
And talk about your dresses,
With, "pray, my dear, who makes your stays?"
"Where did you buy those tresses?"

Who can describe your glorious sport,
When, by your beauty captur'd,
Two "nice young men" your favors court,
Oh! then you are enraptur'd!

Their hopes you flatter, just for fun,
And then their pleasure smother;
Now seeming to prefer the one,
Now flirting with the other;

And, should one, rather bolder grown,
Intreat you to befriend him,
Kill the poor devil, with a frown,
And " do not understand him."

Sports, such as these, I could repeat,
Too num'rous for one sitting,
Tho' certainly not all so sweet,
As flirting and coquetting.

Ye ladies then, who think that wives
Can greater pleasures carry,
Than they, who single pass their lives,
Oh! pray make haste and marry!

But, if that's true, which I've just said,
I think this truth will follow;
That, could you sink the phrase " Old Maid,"
By Jove! you'd beat " Wives" hollow.

LOVE STRUCK DUMB.

AN ANACREONTIC ODE.

Inscribed to a young gentleman born deaf and dumb, the sight of whom suggested to the author the idea of the poem.

Iris, Juno's handmaid fair,
Ascending thro' the balmy air,
Reclining on her varied bow,
Saw hast'ning to his charge below
Her light-heel'd comrade, Mercury;
'Well met, I long'd thy face to see,
Jove's nimble messenger,' quoth she.
'Late, as my feet yon dark ball prest
(Whither at Juno's great behest

I sped upon her ministry),
A beauteous mortal caught mine eye,
Who, as I nearer view'd, methought
Resemblance to my fancy brought
Of dimpled cheeks admir'd above;
It must, I cried, it must be Love.
With fair accost, I hail'd the boy:
Gentle God of smiles and joy,
Who hath remov'd the fillet, say,
And giv'n thine eyes to brighten day,
And wherefore do I thus behold
Thy God-head shrin'd in human mould?
I ceas'd and waited his reply.
He fix'd on me his roguish eye,
Then smiling, plac'd his finger's tip
Significantly on his lip,
And stole away. Now pry'thee tell
(For sure I am thou knowest well
The gossip scandal of Jove's court)
Upon what mischief or what sport
Did Cupid quit his mother's side
And what his actions now betide.'

'Bright-rob'd handmaid of the skies,
I will resolve thee,' he replies.
'Know then that Venus took a freak
For fear lest Love his neck should break,
To beg the thund'rer would allow
To take the bandage from his brow,
And suffer him at large to roam;
Reckless what mischief thence might come,
Jove nods assent: Diana now
Enrag'd puts up a solemn vow,
That she no longer would endure
Love's insolence grown past all cure.

To Pallas for advice she hies:
" My votaries are lost," she cries;
" The fillet's fall'n from Cupid's eyes.
" If *blind* the God had pow'r to charm
" And work me such malicious harm,
" What from his new-found faculty
" May I not dread? Too surely he
" Will with his dazzling optics draw
" The few who yet revere my law.
" Sage Goddess, grant thy potent aid,
" Or earth will scarcely boast a maid!"

Minerva gave a sapient look,
And her chaste sister thus bespoke:
" Queen of the silver bow, I fear
" Thou hast good cause for grief sincere;
" Yet cheer thee, I have means in store
" To countervail Love's dang'rous pow'r;
" If Jove have giv'n thy foe his sight,
" Most true we dare not raise a blight
" To dim the lustre of those stars
" Which 'gainst thy law portend new wars;
" But by th' assistance of a friend
" Who will, I know, his power lend,
" We may despoil him of that *tongue*
" Which to thy cause had done such wrong.
" Osiris shall strike Cupid dumb.
" And to my wish, behold him come!"

United now the pair divine
Beseech him in their cause to join.
To their fond wish the silent God
Yields his assent with torpid nod.
The icy Goddess warm'd with hope
Thanks the dull God, and boasts her scope
To jest upon Olympus' hill
At her dire foe, and scorn him still.

But Venus, who had overheard
Of this rare plot the smallest word,
Deriding their abortive plan
Cries: " Speculate howe'er you can,
" Your schemes I laugh at, mock your toils;
" My son shall gather yet new spoils,
" Tho' you have ta'en one weapon from him,
" Which did in truth but ill become him;
" For what need *words* in love's soft war,
" *Eyes* do more execution far;
" Their conqu'ring force all hearts can feel
" Pow'rful as unresisted steel.
" Mankind shall still submissive own
" Love's potent charms, and ever prone
" Lowly adore his universal throne."

J. R.

March, 1809.

SONNET.

To Miss Ray, of the late Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on witnessing her performance of the part of Julio, in the play of Deaf and Dumb.

Thou who the orphan boy's fictitious woe,
With nature's happiest tints, so well can'st paint,
Who with mute eloquence his just complaint
To ev'ry heart bring'st home, to thee I owe
The purest joy that, from the heav'nly fount
Of bliss above, the guardian angels draw:
To feel soft pity dew my cheek, and count
The sighs that heave at sympathy's kind law.
The soft expression of thine eyes sweet maid,
Those speaking features which the hapless tale
Of Julio's wrongs, without the tongue's weak aid,
So truly tell, o'er my fond heart prevail.
Would thou hadst *been* what thou didst only feign,
Then had this conscious bosom 'scap'd love's tyrant chain!

J. R.

June, 1808.

THE DRAMA.

THOUGHTS UPON THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRAMA ON THE MIND.

Rigid moralists have alarmed susceptible consciences, by deprecating the amusements of the theatre, as destructive of religion and derogatory to virtue. They draw no line between a chaste exhibition and a licentious one: but every deviation from precise rectitude is traced to the source of an imagination heated by scenic representations. Quick feelings and lively dispositions are the most open to the evil insinuations of any wrong bias from the stage; but a girl (for I particularly think of that sex on whom an intemperate fancy commits most ravages), whose passions are not curbed and strengthened by reason, will most probably err from misguided sentiment, even though she never witnessed a comedy which derides virtue, or a tragedy which softens vice. Right principles will always yield to wrong impulses in a character, whose foundation has never been built upon consistent morality: the danger does not lie in the contagion of a theatre, but in the mind which has been previously prepared to imbibe it; we are infected only with that desease which is congenial to our constitution; if love is to be caught from seeing it represented, or felt because a woman has listened to its description, the fire of imagination must have quenched her delicacy. An admiration of the drama is scarcely ever derived from an enjoyment of its literary beauties; young women dwell with pleasure not upon the performance, but upon the performers; how such a fine passage was repeated, is not remembered as elucidating the author's intention, but with a reference to the favorite actor's or actress's pronunciation of it. When this is the case I clearly agree with the abridgers of gaiety, that the impression is dangerous; but the effect of pleasure is here only shewn to be the consequence of a flimsy education; if women are ruined, it is not owing to the stimulus of an exceptionable dramatic composition, or to their having been the auditor

of a fine one. I do not mean to deny that a judicious author has the master-key to human nature, and that as he touches it each complicated ward will unfold itself to his power: but if his key does not fit the lock, it can open no hidden shame; if the feeling does not exist, his art cannot call it forth. It is not necessary that a *double entendre* should be misunderstood; but its depravity should render it despicable: to avoid being guilty, it is not necessary to shun the knowledge of crime; an enemy discovered, is guarded against; once seize the passes which vice may occupy, and his forces can be constantly repulsed. Mirabel, in Farquhar's comedy of the Inconstant, concentrates in one speech the whole possible danger of the stage: "The play-house," says he, "is "the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; "the ladies methinks have a more triumphant air in the "boxes, than any where else; they sit commanding on "their thrones with all their subject slaves about them; "their best looks, best clothes, shining jewels, sparkling "eyes, the treasures of the world in a ring—then their "is such a hurry of pleasure to transport us, the bustle, "noise, gallantry, smiles, love, music and applause; "I could wish my whole life were the first night of a "new play."

The fair enthusiast responds to this hilarity of expression; and unless she has been taught to discriminate forgets that this description comes from a profligate, and though in unison with his actions would never be uttered by a sober character. I allow that theatrical amusements have the power of clinging round the taste and fancy, beyond any other species of dissipation; but, under certain restrictions, and steadiness of judgment I think their influence can never augment the resources of vice. We are not bound to admire a comedy because we have seen it acted, or to applaud a tragedy because it is written in blank-verse. The free agency of good sense, and the integrity of principle, will assert their office although the senses may have been cheated by "blear illusion." When mischief is done by the stage, it is the eye which betrays the understanding; and surely having discovered the traitor, it is in our power to convert his qualities to our own use. In order to blunt all the ar-

rows of temptation, it may be safe to arrest the mind upon theatrical compositions as one of the most ornamental branches of literature: reading supposes study, and when the powers of attention exert the energies of memory, we may apprehend no danger from effervescent feeling. "To catch the manners living as they rise," is the business of a dramatist; and to mark probable incidents, pourtrayed in nature's language, never can injure the most frigid morality. Acting is the animation of thought; and when we yield to the satisfaction of seeing a favorite author well represented, I cannot see that our religious tenets are extinguished in the pleasure. This exception may perhaps be granted me only in favour of the chaste and moral muse; but no pardon can be extorted for those who attend to witness a piece where

"Intrigue is plot, obscenity is wit."

Nor is pardon asked; a female who feels gratified, or does not express herself disgusted, at a licentious performance, has not within her grasp one firm motive to break the force of temptation. To be one of the audience at Farquhar's 'Constant Couple,' must be distressing to genuine modesty; but it does not follow that it should bereave you of that quality, though you will certainly be confirmed in a distaste for ribaldry. Scene and decoration merely attach to sight; and their *eblouissant* brilliancy is perfectly harmless as an instrument of wit: delusion acknowledged loses its power; these fairy splendours may just play round the memory, but they never will be rivetted to it: and, supposing they should sometimes sparkle into the fancy, their aim has been 'to elevate and surprise,' and with as little intention of rational sense as Mr. Bayes transfused into his own writings. Without amplifying my position, that the drama well written does not sow the seed of crime, or the stage well regulated does not produce the fruit, I will leave the heads of my vindication, sufficiently satisfied with the press of evidence, which my cause exhibits in the virtuous lives of many theatrical amateurs. That all who frequent play-houses are good, I do not assert; but that all who stay away from them are free from sin, I should be loth to admit. If authors would not propagate evil,

through the medium of their pens, nor actors exemplify the lesson in their lives, the whole community would consent

> " To chase the charms of sense, the pomp of shew,
> " For useful mirth or solitary woe,
> " Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
> " And truth diffuse her radiance from the age."

S. F.

London, April 1809.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

(*Continued from page* 455.)

The Chöephoræ of Æschylus is a continuation of the Agamemnon, and exhibits the punishment inflicted by Orestes on the murderers of his father. This subject has been handled not only by Æschylus, but by his illustrious competitors, Sophocles and Euripides. Neither the Chöephoræ of Æschylus, nor the Electra of Euripides is distinguished by any prominent merit either of character or incident; and it will require no profound investigation or much hesitation, to assign the palm in the present contest to Sophocles. It must be acknowledged, however, that on this, as on many other occasions, the latter author has borrowed pretty liberally from the labours of his predecessor, Æschylus. Not only are the characters nearly the same in both the tragedians, but in the whole arrangement of the fable there is very little difference: in both, Orestes returns in disguise to his native country, and relates to Clytemnestra a feigned story of his own death; but this story, which Æschylus has " slubber'd o'er in haste," is by Sophocles worked up with the utmost care and success, and forms one of the noblest of that author's celebrated descriptions. In short, the Electra of Sophocles in one of his best plays, and the Chöephoræ is perhaps the very worst of Æschylus.

He who looks for any strength or beauty of character in this play, will be sadly disappoined. The principal character, Orestes, who is, like Hamlet,

" ——— the son of a dear father murder'd,
" Prompted to his revenge by heav'n and hell,"

does not excite the same interest that Hamlet does: that love, which we naturally feel for him at his first entrance, is not strengthened as the play proceeds; nor do we greatly rejoice in that just success, which attends his schemes, but which we naturally expect from the commencement of the play, and look forward to with the utmost apathy. It is true, that such is the invariable system of the Greek Drama, that the event is always known before it is exhibited, because their tragedies always represent some great historical occurrence, which cannot be wrested from the truth: but there are various methods of exciting our curiosity, and alarming our fears, of elevating with ideal joys, and agonizing with false terrors, which were not unknown to Sophocles, and which Æschylus himself has on other occasions sufficiently practised. The character of Orestes is however somewhat improved towards the conclusion of the piece, when he is driven to madness by the consciousness of his guilt. Of the other characters it would be superfluous to speak.

If so dull a drama as the Chöephoræ required any adventitious ornament or support to allure and enliven, for this assistance recourse must be had to the chorus, an useful instrument in the hands of the ancient tragedians, which, like the music of Dibdin's plays, and the scenery of Cherry's, was always ready with its help, though by the ancients it was more frequently employed to adorn sublimity, than to give life to dulness and agreeableness to nonsense. It must be confessed to have been a very unnatural appendage to the drama, and therefore few will desire that it should be restored to its pristine dignity on the stage: but let it be remembered, in its defence, that it was always the grand preacher of morality, and that one of its highest duties was to enforce the observance of laws divine and human, by admonitions deduced from the passing business of the scene, and that these precepts were inculcated with the utmost sublimity of sentiment and language, which the true spirit of poetry could dictate.

Since however the chorus is banished from the stage, there are other means equally powerful, which may be applied to the enforcement of virtue, and which have not been neglected by our modern dramatists. Thus the awful denunciation of vengeance, pronounced against murderers by the Almighty, is by the chorus of Æschylus strongly inculcated in the following lines of the present play:

" Νόμος μὲν, φονίας σαγόνας
" Χυμένας ἐς πέδον, ἄλλο προσαιτεῖν
" ἄιμα." V. 398—400.

This same important moral is enforced by Shakspeare in a manner much more forcible, when the thunderer himself is made to exclaim, in the perturbation of his guilty conscience,

" It will have blood,—they say blood will have blood,—&c."
Macbeth.

In whatever degree therefore the chorus, in the hands of a skilful dramatist, may raise our admiration, its loss is not certainly to be regretted, nor can its restoration to the stage be reasonably desired.

Æschylus is by no means unhappy in the general management of his chorus: his odes, though too frequently perplexed, are such as may be always read with pleasure, and may generally challenge admiration. It is not therefore wonderful, that the most animated parts of the present play are to be found in the choral odes, which are throughout interesting and beautiful, and not unfrequently rise to Pindaric sublimity. Though the Chöephoræ will never add much to the reputation of its author, the songs of the chorus alone are sufficient to confer upon it the stamp of Æschylus.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

APRIL.

27. [Monsieur and Madame Deshayes's Benefit.] La Capricciosa Pentita. La Fête Chinoise. A new grand anacreontic ballet, entitled LA NAISSANCE DE FLORE, composed by Mr. D'Egville, in which Madame Le Claire, from the opera in Lisbon, made her first appearance.

29. I Villeggiatori Bizzarri. Id. Id.

MAY.

2. La Caccia di Enrico IV. Id. Don Quichotte.

6. Id. Id. La Naissance de Flore.

9. Id. Id. Id.

11. [M. Vestris's Benefit.] I Villeggiatori Bizzarri. Les Jeux Floraux. A new grand pantomime ballet, entitled LE CALIFE DE BAGDAD, composed by M. Vestris. (1)

13. La Caccia di Enrico IV. Id. Id.

16. A new comic opera, entitled LA SERVA RAGGERATRICE. (2) Id. Id.

19. 2d. Id. Id.

23. I Villeggiatori Bizzarri. Id. Id.

(1) M. Vestris's ballet has acquired all that popularity which we expected it to ensure. It is founded on that part of the story of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, on which the farce of Il Bondocani is built, and affords all the entertainment, which so interesting a story, appropriately put in motion and scene, is likely to produce. As an actor, M. Vestris was more than usually interesting; and really sustained the part of the Caliph with much dignity and elegance. Madame *Angiolini* was, as she always is, not more a *little angel* by name than by appearance. The dancing of this ballet is the perfection of the art. Here, we see the electrifying agility and execution of Vestris and Angiolini; there, the graceful attitude of the Deshayeses; while little Lupino fills up the scene. Master Oscar Byrne made his first appearance on this stage in this ballet: we are afraid he is spoiled for a mature dancer; he has considerable spirit and agility;

but his powers have been so ill-directed and forced, that we should as soon expect him to come to perfection, as we should the rose-bud, whose leaves a wanton child had forced open, in order to *make it blow.*

(2) This is one of the wretched operas of the *poets to the Opera-House.* It was produced for the purpose of introducing to us Madame Bussani and Signor Pedrazzi, from Lisbon, which it did very appropriately ; for they were to the full as wretched as the opera itself. Madame Bussani is entitled to the situation of *prima donna buffa* over Madame Collini, only from her superiority to that lady in age : in comic talent even Collini is greatly above her ; and in vocal, Collini is as high above her, as Pucitta is above them both. If Madame Bassani is a bad singer, Signor Pedrazzi has no voice at all.

LYCEUM, STRAND (DRURY-LANE COMPANY).

APRIL.

26. Grieving's a Folly. Love in a Tub. Of Age To-morrow.

27. Id. Three and the Deuce.

28. Id. Love in a Tub. Devil to Pay. Nell, Miss Duncan.

29. Cabinet. Mock Doctor.

MAY.

1. Grieving's a Folly. Duet of "All's Well," by Master Dourouset, and Master Huckel. [Never acted] A new Farce, called TEMPER, or the Domestic Tyrant (1). The characters by Mr. Dowton, Mr. Eyre, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Russell, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Ray. Mrs. Orger, Miss Mellon, Miss Tidswell, Mrs. Harlowe.

2. Id. Id. Id.

3. Id. Love in a Tub. Id.

4. Id. Id. Id.

5. Id. Id. Id.

6. Haunted Tower. Id.

8. Grieving's a Folly. Three and the Deuce.

9. Id. Duet of "All's Well." Wedding Day.

10. Cabinet. Temper.

MAY.

11. Grieving's a Folly. Duet of "All's Well." Mayor of Garratt.

12. Id. Love in a Tub. Temper.

13. Cabinet. Three and the Deuce. Phœbe, Miss Kelly.

15. [Mr. Bannister's Benefit.] Poor Gentleman, Sir Robert Bramble, Mr. Dowton. Frederick, Mr. Elliston. Ollapod, Mr. Bannister. Corporal Foss, Mr. Palmer. Stephen Harrowby, Mr. De Camp. Humphrey Dobbins, Mr. Wewitzer. Emily Worthington, Mrs. H. Siddons. Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, Mrs. Sparks. [Never acted] A Comic Sketch in one Act, called, Sharp Set, or the Village Hotel. The characters by Mr. Dowton, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Fisher, and Miss Mellon. Songs. Weathercock. Variella, Miss Kelly.

16. John Bull. Mrs. Wiggins. Ella Rosenberg.

17. [Miss Duncan's Benefit.] Honey Moon. Duet of "All's Well." An Interlude taken from the celebrated entertainment of Harlequin's Invasion. Abram, Mr. Penley. Sukey Chitterling, Miss Kelly. Mrs. Snip, Miss Tidswell. Miss Dolly Snip, Mrs. Harlowe. Love in a Tub. Devil to Pay.

18. [Mr. Dowton's Benefit.] Grieving's a Folly. Blue Devils. Song, by Mr. Braham. Jew and the Doctor.

19. Heir at Law. Duet of "All's Well." Sylvester Daggerwood, by Mr. De Camp, with "He was fam'd for deeds of arms," by Mr. Braham. Matrimony. Clara, Miss Duncan.

22. [Mr. Elliston's Benefit.] Three and the Deuce. Emily, Miss Ray. "A Smile and a Tear," by Mr. Braham. Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed (2). Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr. Mathews. Dangle, Mr. Palmer. Sneer, Mr. Powell. Puff, Mr. Elliston. *Tragedians.* Lord Burleigh, Mr. Raymond. Govenor, Mr. Ray. Earl of Leicester, Mr. Holland. Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Scriven. Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr. Penley. Beef-eater, Mr. Russell. Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, Mr. Bannister. First Niece, Miss Ray. Second Niece, Miss Boyce. Tilburina, Mrs. Harlowe. Confidante, Miss Tidswell. Irishman in London.

MAY.

23. [Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons's Benefit.] Pizarro. Rolla, Mr. Siddons. Song. A Traditionary Tale, entitled, Bill Jones, or the Ship-Spectre, [by M. G. Lewis, Esq.] recited by Mr. Raymond. Sylvester Daggerwood, by Mr. Bannister. Ella Rosenberg.

24. Critic. My Grandmother. Young Woodley (with additional songs) Mr. Braham. Dicky Gossip Mr. Mathews. Three and the Deuce.

25. [Mr. Palmer's Benefit.] A Prelude (not acte these 12 years) called The Manager in Distress (3). Bustleton, Mr. Dowton. Manager, Mr. Marshal. Irishma in the Pit, Mr. Palmer. Gentleman in the Balcony with a variety of Imitations, a Young Gentleman. Lad in the Balcony, Miss Tidswell. School for Scandal. Si Peter Teazle, Mr. Wroughton. Joseph Surface, Mr. Palmer. Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Marshal. Crabtree, read by Mr. Russell. Lady Teazle, Miss Duncan, with the song of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Orger. Three and the Deuce. Emily, Miss Boyce.

(1) Mr. Lewis's Farce appeared to-night. It is translated as we stated it to be in our last Theatrical Intelligence.

> "Is it so comely then to see?"
> "Upon our soul, we never saw it."

(2) At length the Critic is gotten up by the Drury-lane Company; and Mr. Mathews is once more to be seen as Sir Fretful Plagiary. This exquisite performance retains all its raciness; and indeed, if ever there was an actor who never underplayed his parts, but was always inclined to take as much interest in his performances as his audience, it is Mr. Mathews, whose excellence in his art is equalled only by his love of it. The fretful temper "which winces at every touch," is inimitably depicted by Mr. Mathews's continual restlessness and eager examination of every look in the room, to see whether it makes for or against him; and nothing can be finer than the quickness with which he catches at every favourable

spark, and turns round to fan it into a flame. When his sensitiveness is scoriated by the very north wind of severity*, his agony is hardly too acutely painted; and when the unwholesome sunshine of affected "pleasure at this" is removed from his face, by the fatigue of supporting it so long, his countenance freezes into a horrid glare of anger, with hardly too abrupt a transition. The only faults our most diligent scrutiny can detect in this performance are, that Mr. Mathews throws too much meaning into the phrase "damned good-natured friend," and pronounces the first syllable of the word *Plagiary* like the *a* in the word *hat*.

Mr. Elliston's Puff is a performance of much merit, but more vanity. The spirit of Puff Mr. Elliston finely preserves: we wish he would keep to the letter a little more, and not make any idle prefaces to Puff's exposition of the cheats of charity. What will our readers think of the modesty of Mr. Elliston's interlopation among the memoranda of Puff: "To transform that Proteus Elliston into a Centaur?" Talk of Garrick's vanity! We have always thought that the only points of resemblance between that immortal actor and this mortal one must be their mutual vanity; and here Elliston surpasses Garrick.

(3) At the end of the Prelude, Mr. Palmer addressed the audience to the following effect:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, you have just seen the Manager in Distress; you now see an actor in real distress. Mr. Penley is suddenly taken ill—so bad indeed, that he is obliged to keep his bed. Mr. Russell has undertaken, at a short notice, to read his (Mr. Penley's) character of Crabtree, and Mr. Marshal will perform Mr. Russell's part of Sir Benjamin Backbite. This is the best accommodation we can procure, and we must throw ourselves on the generosity of the audience." Mr. Palmer did not think fit to mention that Mrs. Orger would perform Mrs. Candour, though Mrs. Eyre was announced for it in the bills of the day.

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* We had no thoughts of the Edinburgh Review here.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMAKET (COVENT GARDEN COMPANY).

APRIL.

26. Exile. De La Perouse.
27. Merchant of Venice. Love A-la-Mode.
28. Iron Chest. Blanch, Mrs. Gibbs. Blind Boy.
29. Macbeth. Macduff, Mr. Kemble. Arbitration.

MAY.

1. [Mr. Cooke's Benefit.] A New Way to pay Old Debts. Wellborn, Mrs. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.) A Waltz en trois, by Miss Adams, and Misses H. and N. Adams. The King and the Miller of Mansfield. King, Mr. Murray. Lord Lurewell, Mr. Field. John Cockle (the Miller) Mr. Cooke. Richard, Mr. Brunton. Joe (with a Song) Mr. Taylor. Margery, Mrs. Davenport. Peggy, Miss De Camp. Kate, Miss Logan.

2. [Mr. Young's Benefit.] Pizarro. Rolla, Mr. Young. Elvira, Mrs. Eyre, from the Theatres of Bath and Edinburgh, being her first appearance on this stage. Tom Thumb.

3. [Mr. Munden's Benefit.] English Fleet. Valentine, Mr. Bellamy. Katharine, Mrs. Dickons. Isabel, Miss Bolton. Rival Soldiers. Comic Songs. Lock and Key.

4. [Mr. Fawcett's Benefit.] Exile. Blue Devils. Comic Songs. De La Perouse.

5. [By particular desire.] Venice Preserved. Belvidera, Mrs. Siddons, (being her last appearance in that character.) Personation. Plot and Counterplot (for that night only.) Hernandez, (by permission) Mr. Mathews.

6. King Henry the Fourth. (Part the First.) Raising the Wind. Jeremy Diddler, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.)

8. Hamlet. Harlequin and Mother Goose.

9. [Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble's Benefit.] Wonder. Don Felix, Mr. C. Kemble. Gibby, Mr. Cooke. Violante, Mrs. C. Kemble. Flora, Mrs. Gibbs. Personation. Blind Boy.

MAY.

10. [Mr. Jones's Benefit.] Lovers' Vows. Baron Wildenheim, (for that night only) Mr. Cooke. Count Cassel, Mr. Jones. Frederick (for that night only) Mr. Young. Blue Devils. Comic Songs. Critick, or A Tragedy Rehearsed. Sneer, Mr. Murray. Puff, Mr. Jones. Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr. Blanchard.

11. [Mr. Blanchard's Benefit.] Exile. Governor of Siberia, Mr. Blanchard. Comic Songs. Portrait of Cervantes.

12. [Mr. Emery's Benefit.] Heir at Law. Lord Duberly, Mr. Blanchard. Zekiel Homespun, Mr. Emery. Caroline Dormer, Miss Logan. Comic Songs. Love laughs at Locksmiths. Lydia, Miss Bolton.

13. Merry Wives of Windsor. Quaker.

15. [Mr. Farley's Benefit.] Dramatist. Vapid, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.) Pantodesichorea, an entertainment of singing and dancing. Valentine and Orson.

16. [Mr. Taylor's Benefit.] School of Reform. Mr. Ferment, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.) Comic Songs. Imitations, by Mr. Taylor. [By permission of the Proprietors of the late Theatre Royal, Drury-lane,] No Song, No Supper. Frederick, Mr. Bellamy. Robin, Mr. Fawcett. Endless, Mr. Liston. William, Mr. Denman. Crop, Mr Taylor. Dorothy, Mrs. Liston. Margaretta, Mrs. Dickons.

17. [Mr. and Mrs. Liston's Benefit.] Mountaineers. Octavian (for that night only) Mr. Liston (1). Dr. Last's Examination. Dr. Last, Mr. Liston. Comic Songs. Blue Devils. Tom Thumb.

18. [Miss Norton's Benefit.] Laugh when you can. Gossamer, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.) Rival Soldiers. A new Pas Seul by Miss Adams. Blind Boy.

19. [Messrs. Waddy and Field's Benefit. Castle Spectre. Osmond, Mr. Young. Angela, Mrs. H. Johnston. Personation. A grand Turkish Divertissement, by the four Misses Adams. Love A-la-mode. 'Squire Groom, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.)

MAY.

20. [Messrs. Ashleys' Benefit.] A grand Selection of Sacred Music.

22. Othello. Valentine and Orson.

23. [Mr. Grimaldi's Benefit.] Busy Body. Marplot, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character) The Sisters, a Dance, by the Misses Adams. Comic Songs. Harlequin and Mother Goose.

24. [Mr. Brandon's Benefit.] Cure for the Heartache. Young Rapid, Mr. Lewis, (being his last appearance in that character.) Comic Songs. Critick (2). Puff, Mr. Fawcett.

25. [Messrs. Claremont and King's Benefit.] Man of the World. A Poetical Rhapsody, called The Election, recited by Mr. Claremont. Singing and Dancing. De La Perouse.

(1) Mr. Liston's Octavian was a cheat. He positively contrived not to be laughable; and reminded us of those country performers, whom Beresford happily calls "intolerably tolerable." We expected a rich burlesque, and were seriously disappointed with a performance of about Mr. Claremont's pitch.

(2) During Mr. Blanchard's performance of Sir Fretful Plagiary, this evening, considerable disapprobation was manifested in various parts of the Theatre, which, before his exit, rose to the utmost confusion. Nor was the tumult ended by the entrance of Mr. Fawcett, as Puff, who, in answer to frequent cries of "*Second Act*," "*Second Act*," advanced, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, if we knew your pleasure, we should be happy to accomplish it." When, by the increasing uproar of the house, it became evident what was the pleasure of the audience, Mr. Sneer wisely proposed, that as the second act had been called for, they should immediately proceed to the rehearsal of Puff's Tragedy. The remainder of the first act was accordingly omitted, and the good humour of the audience restored only by the *drollery* of the *tragic scene*.

DUBLIN THEATRE.

MAY 22.

KEMBLE, on his arrival here on the 12th instant, was immediately attacked by the gout; notwithstanding which he made his first appearance on these boards these five years, on Monday the 15th, in the character of Penruddock. In Sydenham, Mr. Rae was manlyand impressive, and warmly applauded throughout. Kemble has since performed Shylock, Lear, and Hamlet. The house was in general crowded, although an evident disappointment existed. Miss Smith was very much and deservedly applauded in Portia. In Lear, Mr. Kemble was all himself. This evening he performs Macbeth, to-morrow the Stranger, on Thursday Zanga, and on Saturday, by desire of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Coriolanus. His engagement is for twelve nights. Mrs. Jordan follows him for twelve nights; after her, Incledon and Munden come. The latter goes with the company to Cork and Limerick. Hill (late of the Covent Garden company) has left us for Glasgow. Phillips, our first singer, has left us for London, having accepted an engagement at the Lyceum, which was to have been opened by Mr. Arnold, on Friday the 26th instant, for the representation of English burlettas, as the heroine of which Miss Bolton is engaged.

Mr. Rae leaves us to fulfil his engagement at Liverpool; the impression he leaves is such as will insure him a hearty welcome to these boards on his return.

BELFAST THEATRE

Has been uncommonly successful this season, under the management of Mr. Talbot, late of the Dublin Theatre.

GOSPORT THEATRE.

THE company of the past season at this theatre has been really respectable. The hero has been Mr. Carles, under the name of Mr. Smith; he played the upper parts both in tragedy and comedy, but his tragedy was the best. His Frederick, in Lovers' Vows, exhibited some marks of positive genius. Mrs. Burton is decidedly the best actress of the company, and really possesses a considerable portion of playfulness and nature. We are surprised that she has spent her youth without treading on the London stage. Her husband, of the same company, is very inferior in talents to her, although he is here thought very quaint and humourous. On his benefit-night he delivered a wretched tissue, called "His Ideas of Things in General." The song of the "Bold Dragoon" has been a great favourite with the Gallery here, who make it part of their duty to join in with its concluding "*whack!*" This they manage so unseasonably, that it was one night advertized that the song in question would be sung; "and it is particularly requested the audience will keep time."

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Haymarket Theatre will not open with Mr. Colman's company (for we are now as full of our companies as Bartholomew Fair) till the 5th of June. He cannot muster his recruits from the Drury-lane company till then.

Mrs. Mountain and the Drury-lane company have parted, in consequence of the lady's taking her benefit at Freemasons' Hall.

Both the melo-drama and the farce, in possession of the Drury-lane company, and intended to have been produced this season, are *remanets* till the next. The farce we believe to be Mr. Hook's.

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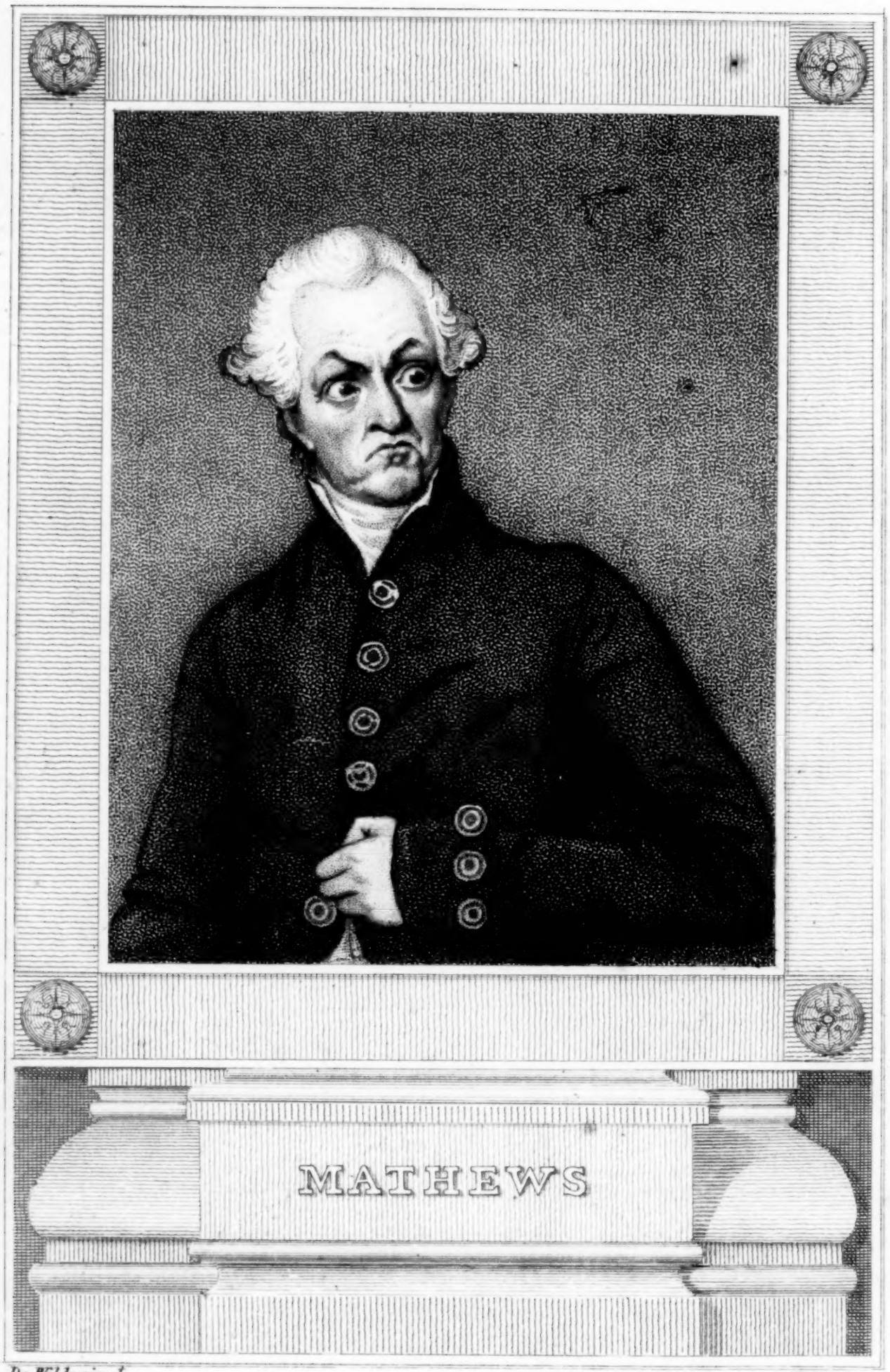

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